
STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!
10¢
JOURNEY into
FEAR
SUPERIOR COMIC
July 1953
No. 14
Jury of the Undead
The Green Witch
Return of the Corpse
Deadly Revenge

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

NOW! heavier, stronger, better!

The Most Amazing
TOOL SET EVER OFFERED!
Six Handy Tools in 1 Compact Unit



1—Strong claw hammer with sure-grip knurled handle.

2—Nickel-plated pounding head securely locked into shaft.

3—5" screwdriver husky duty on gas range, lawnmower, cars.

4—3" screwdriver for electrical, lock repair.

5—2" screwdriver for sewing machine, toaster, appliances.

6—1" screwdriver for eyeglasses, watch, radio.

Not a Toy...

A SET OF SIX FINE PRECISION TOOLS!

This amazing 6-in-1 Tool Set gives you all the tools you need for hundreds of fix-it-jobs . . . but all you buy . . . all you carry, is just ONE FEATHERWEIGHT HAMMER! Unscrew the handle, out pop four multi-purpose screwdrivers. Professional tools, but complete set only 8" long. Rustproof. Perfect balance. Ideal for home, camper, sportsman, hobbyist. Get yours now at sensational mail-order savings.

Everybody's talking about IT!

SEND NO MONEY—Try at Our Risk

Just fill in, clip, and mail coupon. On arrival of your 6-in-1 Tool Set pay postman only $1.25 plus C.O.D. postage. If you are not completely delighted, return for full refund on purchase price.

5 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

JOLOLA SALES BOX 496 BUFFALO, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON NOW - SEND NO MONEY

JOLOLA SALES, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.

Send me C.O.D. () 6-in-1 Tool Sets @ $1.25 each. I'll pay postman on delivery plus postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

JOURNEY INTO FEAR, July, 1953, No. 14. Published bi-monthly by Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada. Authorized as second-class matter July 11th, 1951 by the Post Office, Buffalo, N.Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Ontario. Subscription in the U.S.A. and Canada: 10 issues for $1.00; single copies 10 cents. All names in this periodical are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in Canada.

JURY of the UNDEAD

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM THEY CALLED HIM! A CRUEL AND SADISTIC MAN WHO USED HIS POWERS FOR HIS OWN EVIL PLEASURE IN THE SUFFERING OF OTHERS! BUT THERE **IS** A THING CALLED RETRIBUTION, AND THE REVENGE OF THE FATES CAN BE MORE TERRIBLE THAN THAT PLANNED BY MERE MAN! SO BACK THEY CAME, THE VENGEFUL CORPSES, TO BRING UNDREAMED OF TERROR TO **THE HANGING JUDGE!**

JUDGE TOBIAS PENTON IS ABOUT TO PRONOUNCE SENTENCE ON SOME POOR DEVIL...

BRING THE PRISONER BEFORE THE BAR! I AM, ER, READY TO SENTENCE HIM!

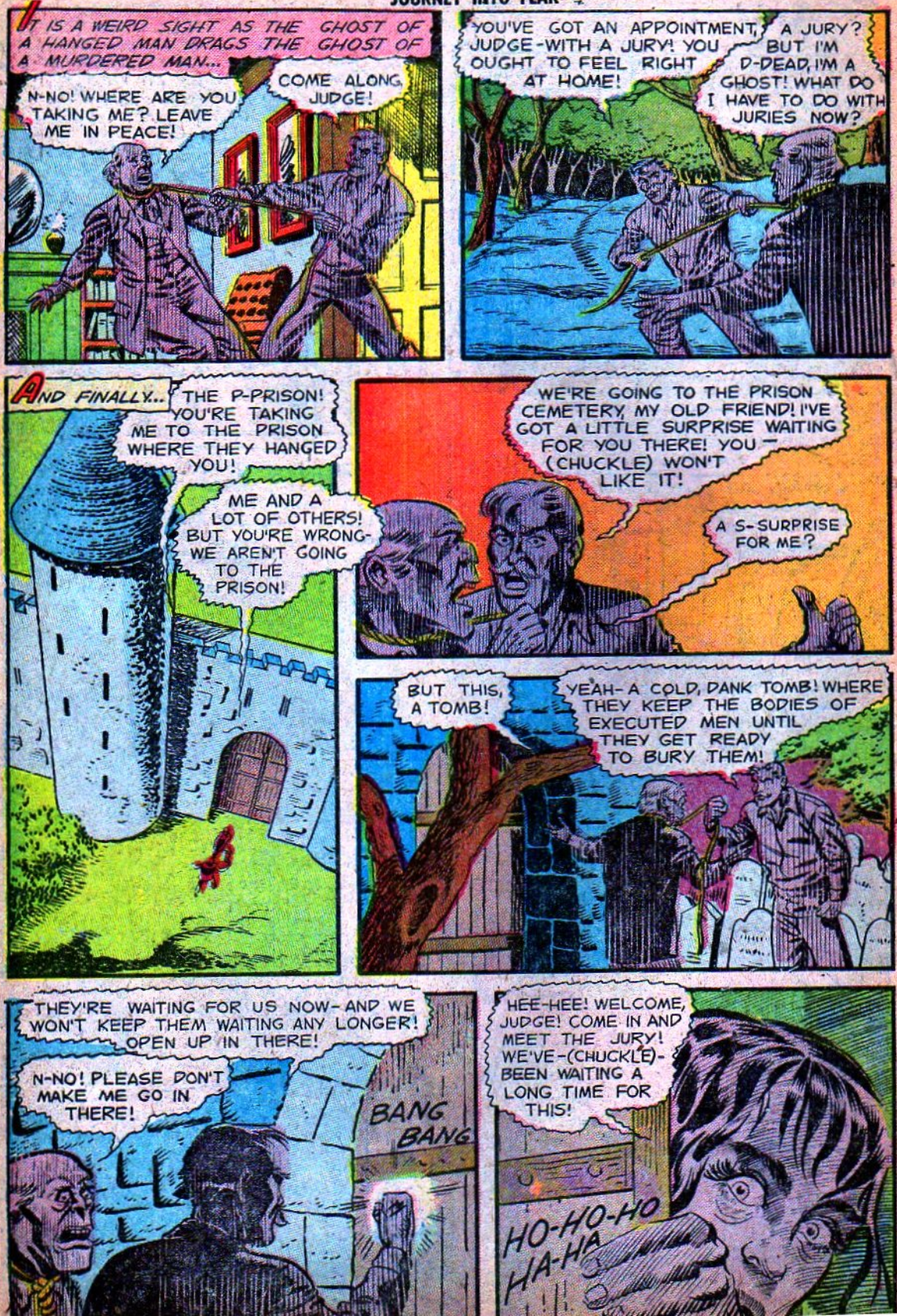
HASN'T A CHANCE!

POOR GUY!

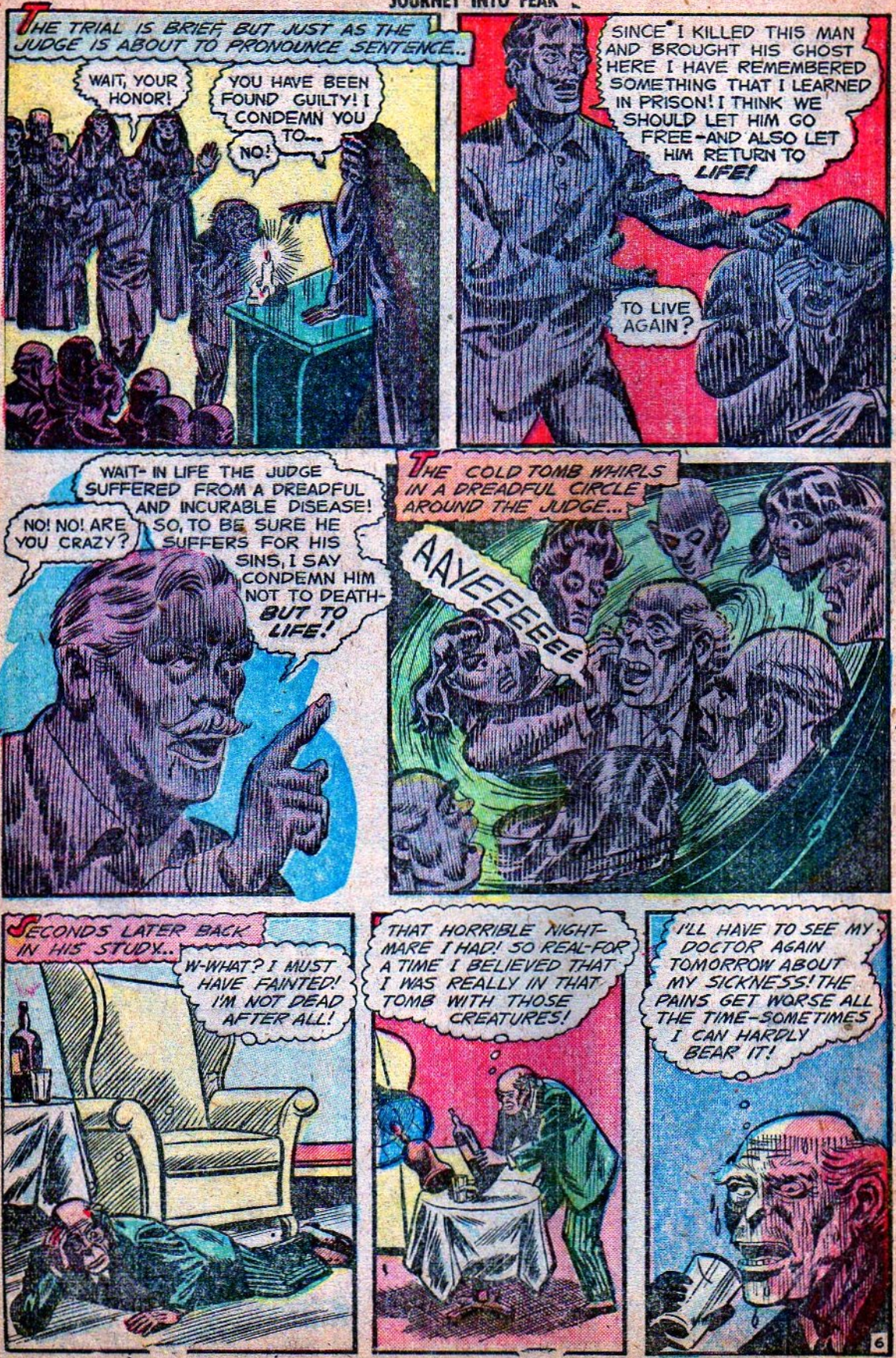
AND... THE SENTENCE, JOHN STONE, IS LEFT TO MY DISCRETION! LIFE IMPRISONMENT—OR HANGING! BUT BECAUSE I FEEL NO MERCY FOR YOUR SORT—I SENTENCE YOU TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

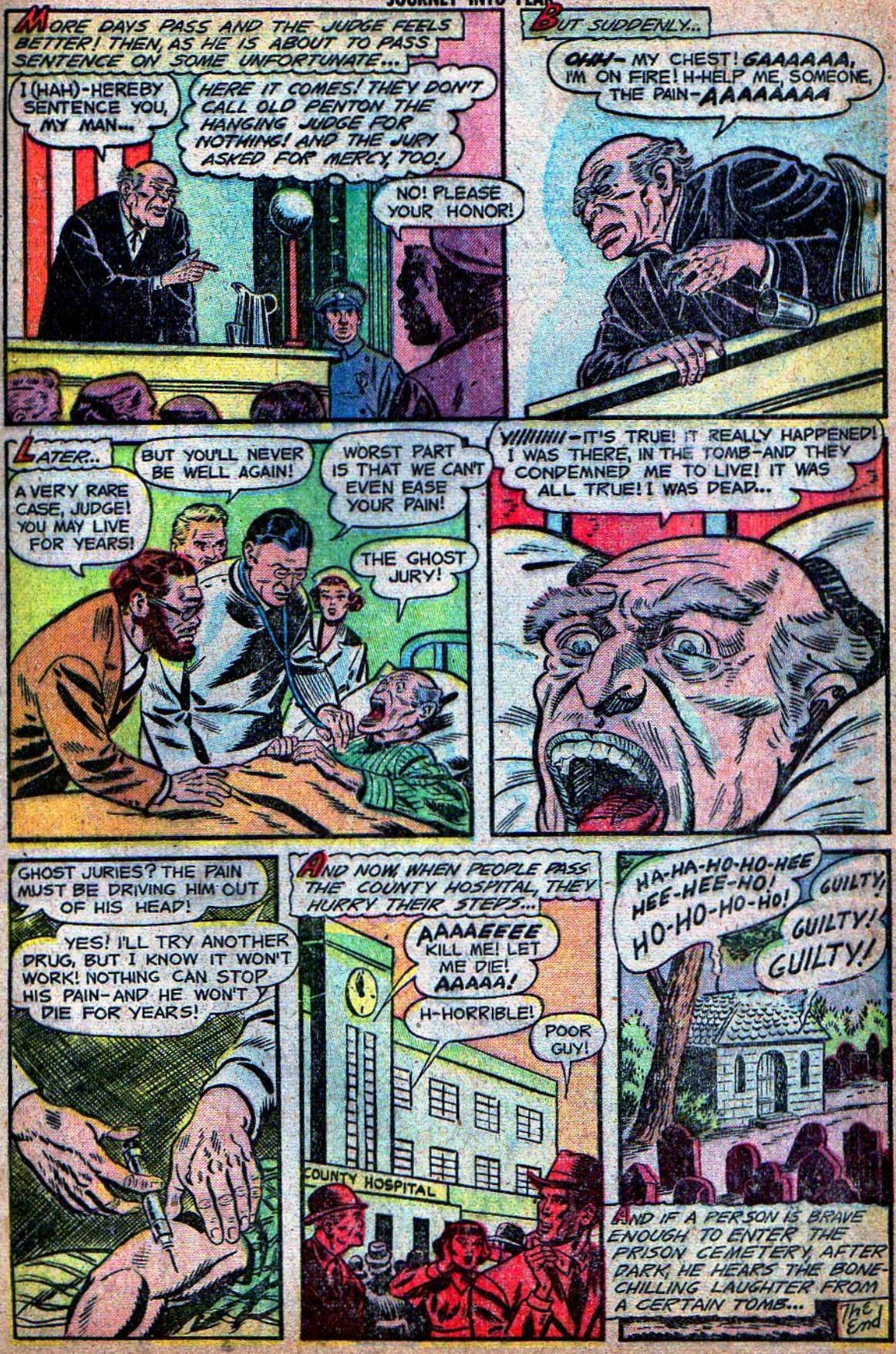

SOME WEEKS LATER...
THERE'S THE PRISON, NOW, JUDGE PENTON!
HURRY, YOU FOOL! I DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS HANGING!
SOON...
HMM- SO THAT'S THE GALLOWS! FINE! I LIKE TO BE SURE THAT MY SENTENCES ARE PROPERLY CARRIED OUT!
SADISTIC OLD FOOL! HE ENJOYS THIS!
AS THE PRISONER IS BROUGHT OUT...
JUDGE PENTON- HERE! MEAN THAT HE GETS TO WATCH ME HANG?
I'M SORRY, STONE! LET'S HAVE NO TROUBLE NOW!
HEH-HEH YOU GALLOWS ROGUE!
STONE! COME BACK HERE!
YOU'RE THE ROGUE, JUDGE! I'M AN INNOCENT MAN AND YOU COULD HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME!
STONE! CUT IT OUT!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW IT FEELS TO STRANGLE, JUDGE! TO GASP FOR BREATH, TURN BLACK IN THE FACE!
HELP!
NOW COME ALONG! ALL THIS WON'T CHANGE ANYTHING!
I SWEAR I'LL GET HIM! I'LL COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE- SOMEHOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! I CURSE HIM- I CURSE HIM FOREVER!
THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, STONE!
2


AND SO JOHN STONE IS DULY HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD! A WEEK LATER IN THE JUDGE'S HOME...
THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TONIGHT, MEEKS! YOU CAN LOCK UP NOW! BAR ALL THE DOORS AND WINDOWS!
AS USUAL, SIR!
I CAN'T BE TO CAREFUL! THEY ALL HATE ME, EVEN MEEKS! CALL ME "THE HANGING JUDGE," DO THEY! HEH-HEH- I'LL HANG A LOT MORE OF THEM BEFORE I'M THROUGH ON THIS EARTH! I HATE ALL CRIMINAL SCUM!
SUDDENLY, THE JUDGE FEELS A COLDNESS IN THE ROOM! THE HAIR PRICKLES ON HIS NECK, AS HE TURNS AND STARES...
HUH! W-WHO ARE YOU? W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
JUSTICE! ONLY JUSTICE!
RECOGNIZE ME, JUDGE? I'VE COME BACK AS I PROMISED I WOULD! HOW DO I LOOK WITH THIS NOOSE AROUND MY NECK? THE NOOSE YOU PUT THERE!
A G-GHOST!
AAAAAAA-
YES...OF JOHN STONE! NOW WE'LL SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE NOOSE! THERE-IN A MINUTE YOU'LL BE DEAD! THEN I HAVE PLANS FOR YOUR GHOST!
SOON THE GHOST OF THE DEAD JUDGE ARISES...
YOU'VE MURDERED MY BODY-NOW LEAVE MY GHOST ALONE!
NO! WE'VE ONLY STARTED!
3


IT IS A WEIRD SIGHT AS THE GHOST OF A HANGED MAN DRAGS THE GHOST OF A MURDERED MAN...
N-NO! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME? LEAVE ME IN PEACE!
COME ALONG, JUDGE!
YOU'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT, JUDGE-WITH A JURY! YOU OUGHT TO FEEL RIGHT AT HOME!
A JURY? BUT I'M D-DEAD, I'M A GHOST! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO WITH JURIES NOW?
AND FINALLY..
THE P-PRISON! YOU'RE TAKING ME TO THE PRISON WHERE THEY HANGED YOU!
ME AND A LOT OF OTHERS! BUT YOU'RE WRONG-WE AREN'T GOING TO THE PRISON!
WE'RE GOING TO THE PRISON CEMETERY, MY OLD FRIEND! I'VE GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE WAITING FOR YOU THERE! YOU — (CHUCKLE) WON'T LIKE IT!
A S-SURPRISE FOR ME?
BUT THIS, A TOMB!
YEAH-A COLD, DANK TOMB! WHERE THEY KEEP THE BODIES OF EXECUTED MEN UNTIL THEY GET READY TO BURY THEM!
THEY'RE WAITING FOR US NOW-AND WE WON'T KEEP THEM WAITING ANY LONGER! OPEN UP IN THERE!
N-NO! PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME GO IN THERE!
BANG BANG
HEE-HEE! WELCOME, JUDGE! COME IN AND MEET THE JURY! WE'VE-(CHUCKLE)-BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!
HO-HO-HO HA-HA

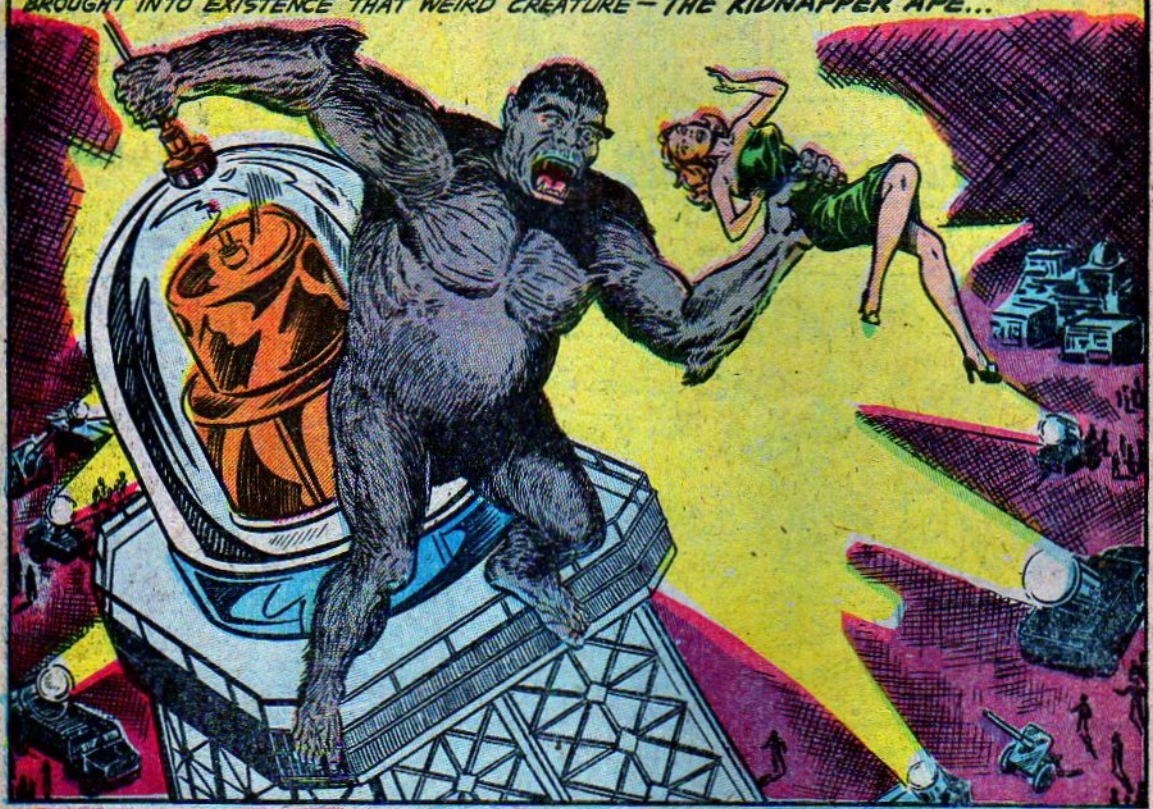

UGH- IT'S C-COLD IN HERE! AND WHY HAVE YOU GOT THE TOMB FIXED UP LIKE A C-COURTROOM?
YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!
ORDER IN THIS COURT!
THE GHOSTLY JURY SITS-IN AN IMMENSE COFFIN...
REMEMBER ME, JUDGE? YOU SENTENCED ME TO HANG, EVEN THOUGH THEY RECOMMENDED MERCY!
ME, TOO!
AND ME!
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR EVERY GHOST HERE, JUDGE! WE'RE GOING TO TRY YOU, NOW! I SAY, LET THE TRIAL BEGIN!
I DECLARE THIS TRIAL BEGUN! APPROACH THE BAR OF JUSTICE, DEFENDANT! THE PROSECUTION WILL SUMMON ITS WITNESSES!
WHY HAVE A TRIAL? HE'S GUILTY!
YES, GUILTY OF HANGING MEN BECAUSE YOU LIKED IT!
NO-I DENY IT!
AND HOW DOES THE PRISONER PLEAD..GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY?
N-NOT GUILTY, YOUR HONOR! I SWEAR IT! THEY ALL LIE-I ONLY DID MY DUTY!
(HA-HA)-HIS DUTY! TO HANG INNOCENT MEN!
HE TOOK THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS!
GUILTY. GUILTY. GUILTY. GUILTY!


THE TRIAL IS BRIEF BUT JUST AS THE JUDGE IS ABOUT TO PRONOUNCE SENTENCE...
WAIT, YOUR HONOR!
YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY! I CONDEMN YOU TO...
NO!
SINCE I KILLED THIS MAN AND BROUGHT HIS GHOST HERE I HAVE REMEMBERED SOMETHING THAT I LEARNED IN PRISON! I THINK WE SHOULD LET HIM GO FREE-AND ALSO LET HIM RETURN TO LIFE!
TO LIVE AGAIN?
WAIT- IN LIFE THE JUDGE SUFFERED FROM A DREADFUL AND INCURABLE DISEASE! SO, TO BE SURE HE SUFFERS FOR HIS SINS, I SAY CONDEMN HIM NOT TO DEATH- BUT TO LIFE!
NO! NO! ARE YOU CRAZY?
THE COLD TOMB WHIRLS IN A DREADFUL CIRCLE AROUND THE JUDGE...
AAYEEEEEEE
SECONDS LATER BACK IN HIS STUDY...
W-WHAT? I MUST HAVE FAINTED! I'M NOT DEAD AFTER ALL!
THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT-MARE I HAD! SO REAL-FOR A TIME I BELIEVED THAT I WAS REALLY IN THAT TOMB WITH THOSE CREATURES!
I'LL HAVE TO SEE MY DOCTOR AGAIN TOMORROW ABOUT MY SICKNESS! THE PAINS GET WORSE ALL THE TIME-SOMETIMES I CAN HARDLY BEAR IT!


MORE DAYS PASS AND THE JUDGE FEELS BETTER! THEN, AS HE IS ABOUT TO PASS SENTENCE ON SOME UNFORTUNATE...
I (HAH)-HEREBY SENTENCE YOU, MY MAN...
HERE IT COMES! THEY DON'T CALL OLD PENTON THE HANGING JUDGE FOR NOTHING! AND THE JURY ASKED FOR MERCY, TOO!
NO! PLEASE YOUR HONOR!
BUT SUDDENLY...
OHH!- MY CHEST! GAAAAAA, I'M ON FIRE! H-HELP ME, SOMEONE, THE PAIN-AAAAAAAA
LATER...
A VERY RARE CASE, JUDGE! YOU MAY LIVE FOR YEARS!
BUT YOU'LL NEVER BE WELL AGAIN!
WORST PART IS THAT WE CAN'T EVEN EASE YOUR PAIN!
THE GHOST JURY!
YIIIIIII-IT'S TRUE! IT REALLY HAPPENED! I WAS THERE, IN THE TOMB-AND THEY CONDEMNED ME TO LIVE! IT WAS ALL TRUE! I WAS DEAD...
GHOST JURIES? THE PAIN MUST BE DRIVING HIM OUT OF HIS HEAD!
YES! I'LL TRY ANOTHER DRUG, BUT I KNOW IT WON'T WORK! NOTHING CAN STOP HIS PAIN-AND HE WON'T DIE FOR YEARS!
AND NOW, WHEN PEOPLE PASS THE COUNTY HOSPITAL, THEY HURRY THEIR STEPS...
AAAAEEEE KILL ME! LET ME DIE! AAAAA!
H-HORRIBLE!
POOR GUY!
COUNTY HOSPITAL
HA-HA-HO-HO-HEE HEE-HEE-HO! HO-HO-HO-HO!
GUILTY!
GUILTY!
GUILTY!
AND IF A PERSON IS BRAVE ENOUGH TO ENTER THE PRISON CEMETERY, AFTER DARK, HE HEARS THE BONE-CHILLING LAUGHTER FROM A CERTAIN TOMB...
The End

DEADLY REVENGE

WHAT STRANGE AND FEARSOME THOUGHTS SOMETIMES MOVE LIKE FETID SHADOWS IN THE BRAINS OF WE HUMANS! A CARELESS WORD, AN UNHAPPY JEST—AND HATE BEGINS TO RUN ITS COURSE! AND ONCE THE CANKER OF HATE BEGINS TO FESTER, IT GROWS MORE MALIGNANT BY THE DAY! IT GROWS AND SPREADS UNTIL THERE IS NO HALTING IT—AND MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, MURDER IS THE RESULT! BUT THERE IS MURDER OF THE SOUL AS WELL AS MURDER OF THE BODY—AND THAT IS WHAT LESTER PARKE HAD IN MIND WHEN HE BROUGHT INTO EXISTENCE THAT WEIRD CREATURE—**THE KIDNAPPER APE...**



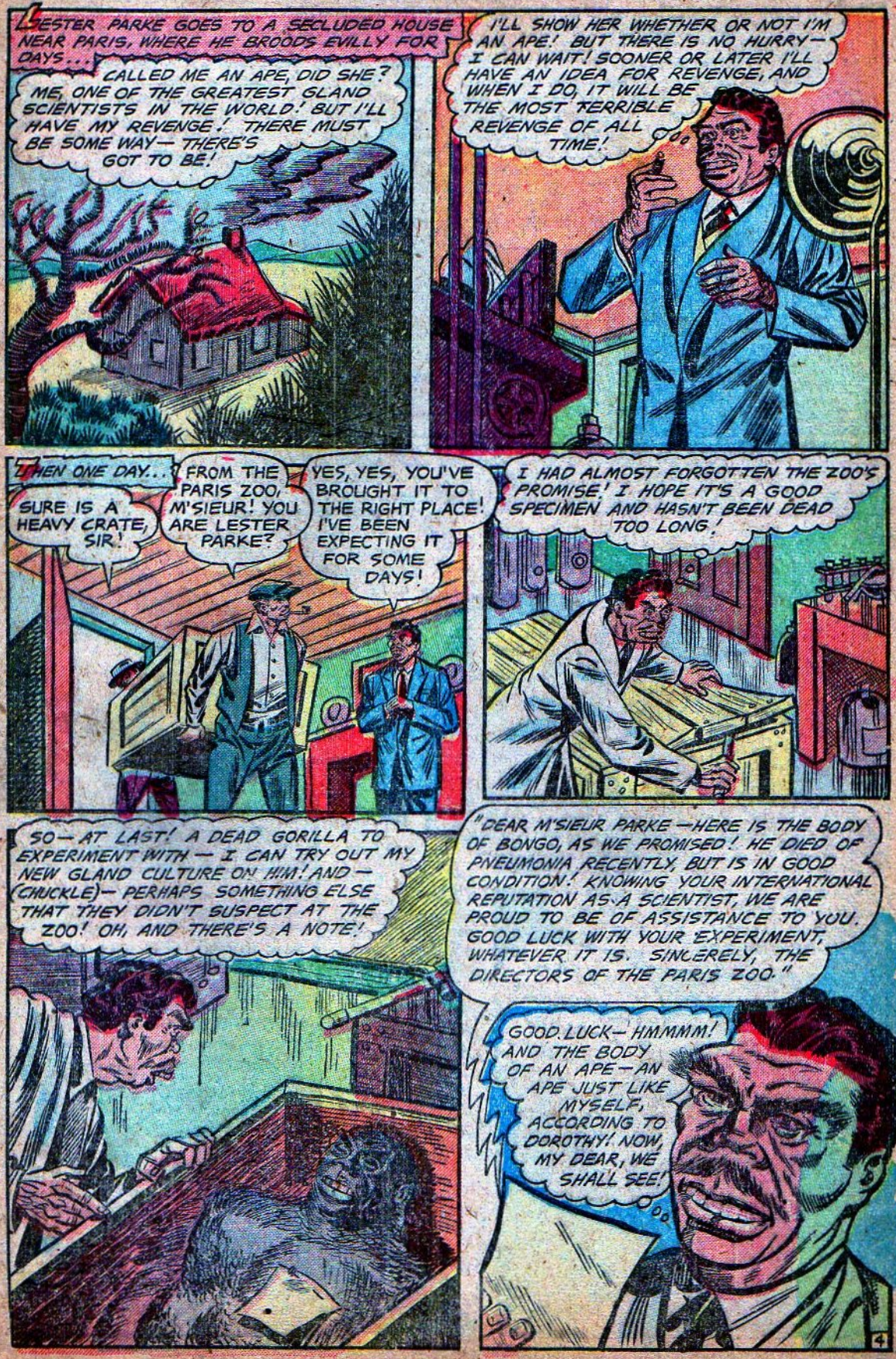
LESTER PARKE IS YOUNG, FAMOUS AND RICH! HE HAS EVERYTHING EXCEPT GOOD LOOKS..



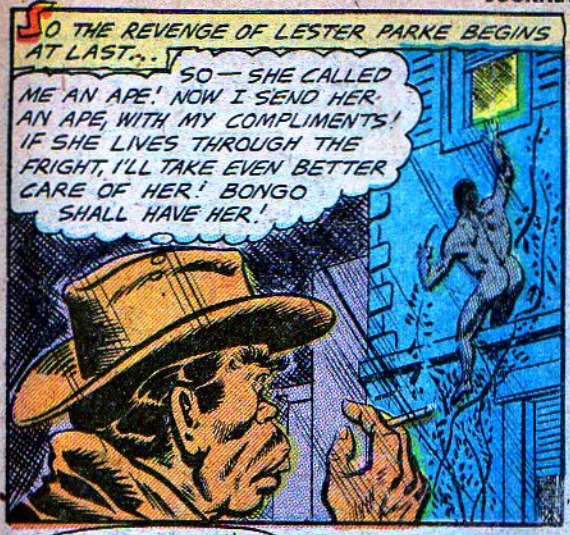



AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF PARIS..
NOW, SISTER, YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID!
I KNOW WHAT IS TROUBLING YOU — AND AFTER ALL, LESTER PARKE IS ONLY A MAN!
I DON'T LIKE PARIS ANYMORE, CYNTHIA! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE RETURNED TO NEW YORK?
A MAN? UGH! HE'S A LOATHSOME LOOKING CREATURE AND YOU KNOW IT! HE TERRIFIES ME! HE WANTS ME TO MARRY HIM, OF ALL PEOPLE!
BUT EVEN THEN, FROM THE SHADOWS ACROSS THE STREET, ALERT EYES ARE WATCHING...
DOROTHY SHOULD BE LEAVING FOR THE VAN GOTHA PARTY ANY MOMENT NOW! THEY WOULDN'T INVITE ME, THE FOOLS, BUT I'LL WAYLAY HER. SHE MUST LISTEN!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! I'M GLAD I HAVE YOU, SISTER, DEAR! I'D BE AFRAID TO LIVE IN THIS BIG HOUSE ALONE! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF LESTER TRIED TO FORCE HIS WAY IN SOME NIGHT!
NOW RUN ALONG TO THE PARTY AND STOP WORRYING! IF LESTER BOTHERS YOU AGAIN, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!
SUDDENLY THE GIRL FEELS A COLD HAND ON HER ARM...
DOROTHY! PLEASE— I MUST SPEAK TO YOU! YOU CAN'T GO ON AVOIDING ME AS YOU HAVE BEEN!
EEEEEEEEEE!
OH— IT'S Y-YOU!
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...
OH, WHY IS IT THAT THERE ARE NEVER ANY CABS IN OUR NEIGHBORHOOD? THIS STREET IS SO DARK—


YOU WISH A TAXI, M'SIEUR?
YES— WE DO!
COME, DOROTHY! WE'LL GO TO SOME QUIET, LITTLE CAFE AND TALK! YOU NEEDN'T GO TO THAT SILLY PARTY!
NO! PLEASE— LET ME GO! I'LL SCREAM FOR HELP IF YOU DON'T LET ME GO AT ONCE!
PLEASE, M'SIEUR! YOU HEARD THE LADY! YOU MUST RELEASE HER AT ONCE! I, PIERRE, WILL SEE TO IT!
KEEP OUT OF THIS, YOU OLD FOOL! DOROTHY— YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME! I LOVE YOU!
LET ME GO, I SAY! I HATE YOU!
AS THE DRIVER TRIES TO INTERFERE, LESTER PARKE EXPLODES IN A FURY OF RAGE...
I SAID TO KEEP OUT OF THIS, YOU! I — I'LL KILL YOU — I'LL BREAK YOUR MEDDLING OLD NECK!
YOU FILTHY BRUTE!
GAAAA— NO!
YOU'RE LUCKY THAT HE'S STILL ALIVE! OF ALL THE TERRIBLE INSANE THINGS TO DO!
I — I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT HIM, DOROTHY! IT'S JUST THAT I WANT YOU SO MUCH — THE WAY YOU'VE BEEN TREATING ME IS DRIVING ME CRAZY!
HERE, I'LL HELP YOU! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MOMENTS, AND I'LL GIVE HIM MONEY— LOTS OF MONEY!
YOU THINK MONEY CAN BUY ANYTHING, DON'T YOU? FORGIVENESS FOR ANYTHING — OR EVEN ME!
AND SO FOR ONCE DOROTHY LOSES HER TEMPER AND FINDS THE COURAGE TO TELL LESTER PARKE WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS OF HIM...
YOU— YOU FOUL BRUTE! I HATE YOU, CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND? THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU FILLS ME WITH A TERRIBLE LOATHING! I'VE TRIED TO KEEP FROM HURTING YOUR FEELINGS, BUT I SEE IT'S NO USE! TO ME YOU'RE LIKE AN ANIMAL — LIKE SOME APE! YES, THAT'S IT! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FILTHY APE— APE!
NO! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT TO ME!
AND WHEN SHE HAS GONE...
SO— I'M AN APE! THAT'S WHAT SHE REALLY THINKS OF ME, THEN! A — FILTHY APE! AND I — (HAH-HAH) — THOUGHT SHE WOULD MARRY ME!


LESTER PARKE GOES TO A SECLUDED HOUSE NEAR PARIS, WHERE HE BROODS EVILLY FOR DAYS...
CALLED ME AN APE, DID SHE? ME, ONE OF THE GREATEST GLAND SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD! BUT I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY— THERE'S GOT TO BE!
I'LL SHOW HER WHETHER OR NOT I'M AN APE! BUT THERE IS NO HURRY— I CAN WAIT! SOONER OR LATER I'LL HAVE AN IDEA FOR REVENGE, AND WHEN I DO, IT WILL BE THE MOST TERRIBLE REVENGE OF ALL TIME!
THEN ONE DAY...
SURE IS A HEAVY CRATE, SIR!
FROM THE PARIS ZOO, M'SIEUR! YOU ARE LESTER PARKE?
YES, YES, YOU'VE BROUGHT IT TO THE RIGHT PLACE! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING IT FOR SOME DAYS!
I HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE ZOO'S PROMISE! I HOPE IT'S A GOOD SPECIMEN AND HASN'T BEEN DEAD TOO LONG!
SO— AT LAST! A DEAD GORILLA TO EXPERIMENT WITH— I CAN TRY OUT MY NEW GLAND CULTURE ON HIM! AND— (CHUCKLE)— PERHAPS SOMETHING ELSE THAT THEY DIDN'T SUSPECT AT THE ZOO! OH, AND THERE'S A NOTE!
"DEAR M'SIEUR PARKE —HERE IS THE BODY OF BONGO, AS WE PROMISED! HE DIED OF PNEUMONIA RECENTLY, BUT IS IN GOOD CONDITION! KNOWING YOUR INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION AS A SCIENTIST, WE ARE PROUD TO BE OF ASSISTANCE TO YOU. GOOD LUCK WITH YOUR EXPERIMENT, WHATEVER IT IS. SINCERELY, THE DIRECTORS OF THE PARIS ZOO."
GOOD LUCK— HMMMM! AND THE BODY OF AN APE— AN APE JUST LIKE MYSELF, ACCORDING TO DOROTHY! NOW, MY DEAR, WE SHALL SEE!
4


TIME PASSES AND THE DEADLY EXPERIMENT BEGINS TO TAKE FORM...
SO FAR EVERYTHING IS ACCORDING TO PLAN! WITH MY NEW FORMULA I'VE SUCCEEDED IN PRESERVING THE BODY IN PERFECT CONDITION! BUT THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE— TOMORROW I MUST FIND A BRAIN!
SO THE NEXT DAY, PARKE VISITS A FRIEND OF HIS AT— A LUNATIC ASYLUM...
HERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND, AND YOU'RE IN LUCK! THIS FELLOW JUST DIED LAST NIGHT! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT THE BRAIN OF AN IMBECILE?
NEVER MIND, JON! BUT I DO WANT IT— I NEED IT DESPERATELY! MY GREATEST EXPERIMENT OF ALL DEPENDS ON IT!
HMMM— I AM WORRIED ABOUT THIS ONE! I KNOW A GREAT DEAL ABOUT MADNESS, AND THERE GOES A MADMAN! BUT IT IS NO CONCERN OF MINE AFTER ALL!
SOON, BACK IN HIS LAB, PARKE OPENS THE BRAIN CASE OF THE GORILLA AND REMOVES THE BRAIN... THEN...
HAH— SOON I WILL KNOW! IF IT WORKS, IT'LL HAVE THE BRAIN OF AN IMBECILE, A CRIMINAL, IN THE BODY OF AN APE! WHAT A— (CHUCKLE)— COMBINATION FOR MY PURPOSE!
HE SEWS UP THE BRAIN CASE AND PUMPS A FORMULA OF HIS OWN INVENTION INTO THE DEAD BODY OF THE BEAST...
I— I THINK IT'S WORKING! HE STIRRED THEN! THE BRAIN IS STILL ALIVE, AND IS GIVING LIFE TO THE BODY!
I'VE DONE IT! IT'S ALIVE AND— (UGH)— ALMOST HUMAN! IT EVEN SAID ONE WORD— I! THE BRAIN REMEMBERS...
GAAAAA— ARRRRRR! I-GUUU- UHHHH-
DAYS PASS AND THE FRENZIED SCIENTIST, STILL DETERMINED ON HIS WEIRD REVENGE, WORKS HARD AT TRAINING THE MONSTER HE HAS CREATED! FINALLY HE SUCCEEDS IN CONVEYING HIS DESIRES TO THE IMBECILE BRAIN OF ANOTHER MADMAN, WHO LIVES AGAIN IN THE CARCASS OF AN APE...
AND ON A DARK NIGHT SOON AFTERWARD...
NOW, BONGO, YOU WILL DO THE JOB I HAVE TAUGHT YOU! IT'S LATE AND YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE! YOU WILL GO INTO THE HOUSE AND BRING ME THE GIRL!


SO THE REVENGE OF LESTER PARKE BEGINS AT LAST...
SO—SHE CALLED ME AN APE! NOW I SEND HER AN APE, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS! IF SHE LIVES THROUGH THE FRIGHT, I'LL TAKE EVEN BETTER CARE OF HER! BONGO SHALL HAVE HER!

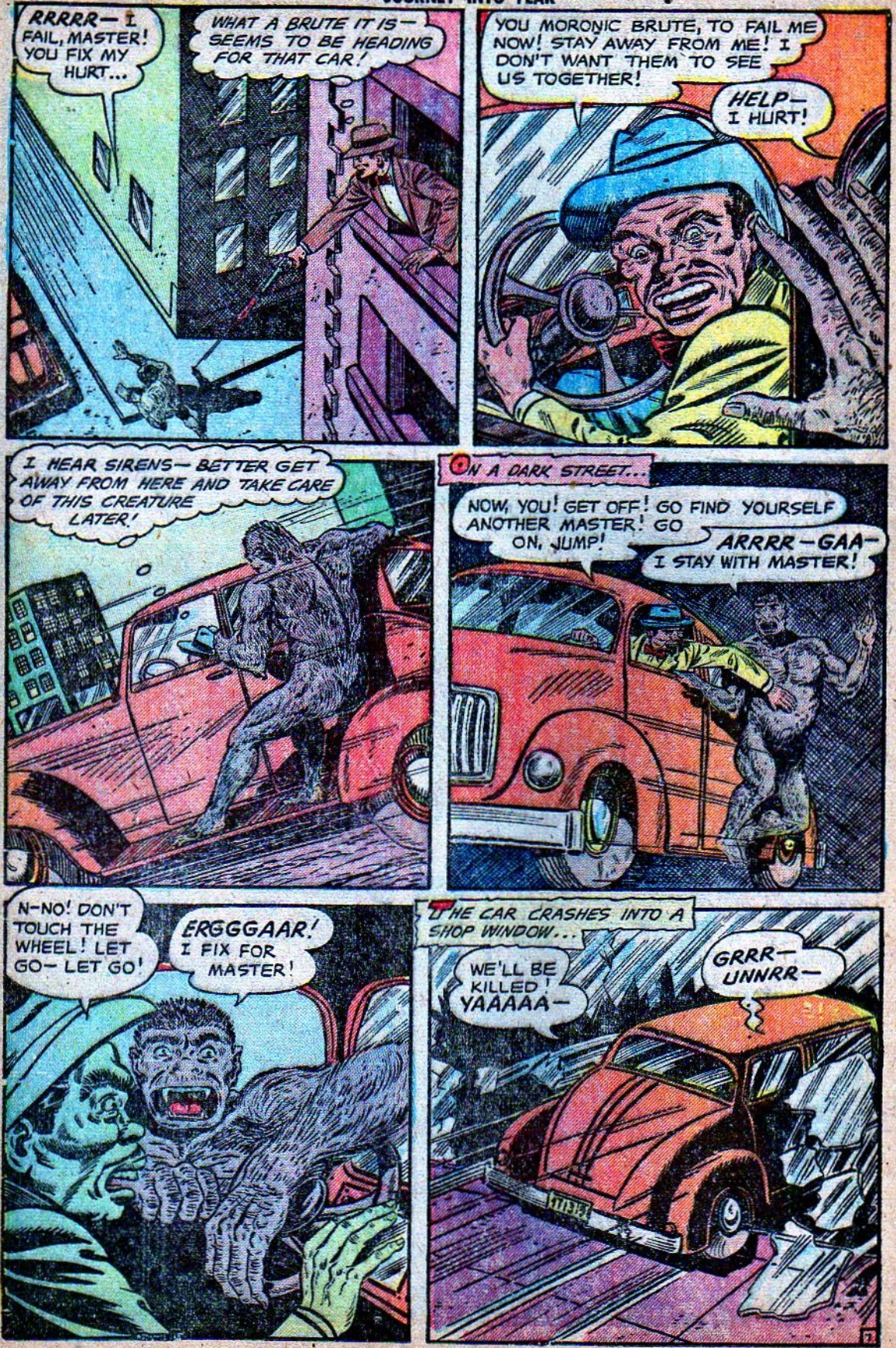

BUT THE MORONIC BRAIN OF BONGO MAKES A MISTAKE AND FINDS THE WAY TO THE ROOM OF CYNTHIA, DOROTHY'S ELDER SISTER...
ARGGGGG—GRRRRRRR—IS WOMAN! MASTER SAY BRING HIM WOMAN!

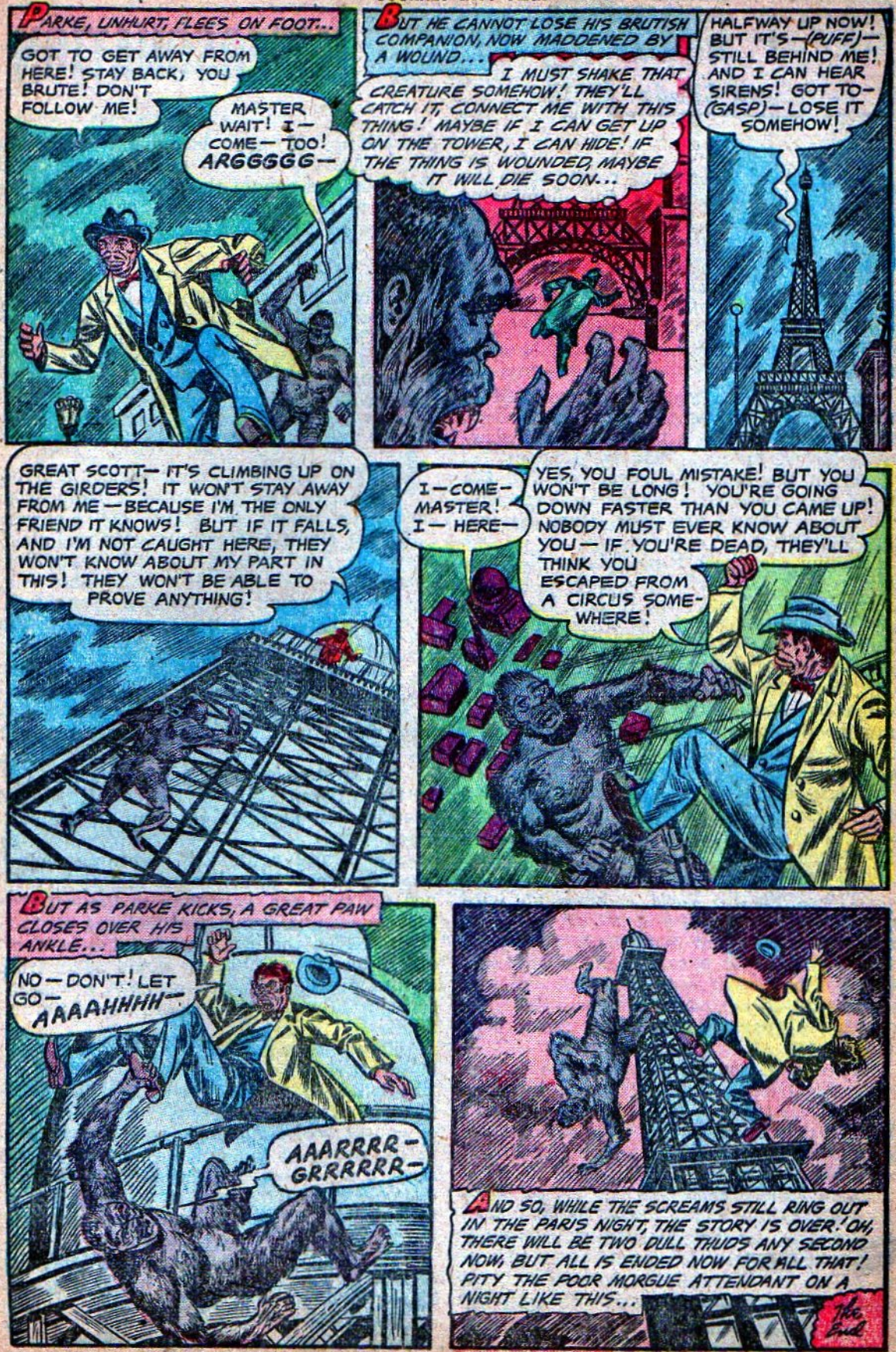

WHAT—EEEEE—EEEEEE—
I TAKE YOU NOW TO MASTER! HE WAIT!


BUT SOMETHING ELSE THAT PARKE DOES NOT KNOW—CYNTHIA HAS ENGAGED A PRIVATE GUARD..
HURRY! THAT'S CYNTHIA! SOMETHING HORRIBLE MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO HER!
WE WILL SAVE HER, LADY! COME!


THE APE CREATURE GETS CONFUSED AND DROPS HIS PREY...
OHHH—WHAT A HORRIBLE CREATURE! KILL IT!
I TRY, LADY! I TRY!
OHHH—H-HELP ME!


MON DIEU! THE THING CAN SPEAK—BUT I HAVE WINGED IT!
AYRRRR—ROOOWWW—I HURT!


RRRRR— I FAIL, MASTER! YOU FIX MY HURT...
WHAT A BRUTE IT IS— SEEMS TO BE HEADING FOR THAT CAR!
YOU MORONIC BRUTE, TO FAIL ME NOW! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T WANT THEM TO SEE US TOGETHER!
HELP— I HURT!
I HEAR SIRENS— BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE AND TAKE CARE OF THIS CREATURE LATER!
ON A DARK STREET...
NOW, YOU! GET OFF! GO FIND YOURSELF ANOTHER MASTER! GO ON, JUMP!
ARRRR—GAA— I STAY WITH MASTER!
N-NO! DON'T TOUCH THE WHEEL! LET GO— LET GO!
ERGGGAAR! I FIX FOR MASTER!
THE CAR CRASHES INTO A SHOP WINDOW...
WE'LL BE KILLED! YAAAAA—
GRRR— UNNRR—


PARKE, UNHURT, FLEES ON FOOT...
GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! STAY BACK, YOU BRUTE! DON'T FOLLOW ME!
MASTER WAIT! I— COME— TOO! ARGGGGG—
BUT HE CANNOT LOSE HIS BRUTISH COMPANION, NOW MADDENED BY A WOUND...
I MUST SHAKE THAT CREATURE SOMEHOW! THEY'LL CATCH IT, CONNECT ME WITH THIS THING! MAYBE IF I CAN GET UP ON THE TOWER, I CAN HIDE! IF THE THING IS WOUNDED, MAYBE IT WILL DIE SOON...
HALFWAY UP NOW! BUT IT'S—(PUFF)— STILL BEHIND ME! AND I CAN HEAR SIRENS! GOT TO—(GASP)—LOSE IT SOMEHOW!
GREAT SCOTT— IT'S CLIMBING UP ON THE GIRDERS! IT WON'T STAY AWAY FROM ME—BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY FRIEND IT KNOWS! BUT IF IT FALLS, AND I'M NOT CAUGHT HERE, THEY WON'T KNOW ABOUT MY PART IN THIS! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PROVE ANYTHING!
I—COME— MASTER! I— HERE—
YES, YOU FOUL MISTAKE! BUT YOU WON'T BE LONG! YOU'RE GOING DOWN FASTER THAN YOU CAME UP! NOBODY MUST EVER KNOW ABOUT YOU— IF YOU'RE DEAD, THEY'LL THINK YOU ESCAPED FROM A CIRCUS SOMEWHERE!
BUT AS PARKE KICKS, A GREAT PAW CLOSES OVER HIS ANKLE...
NO— DON'T! LET GO— AAAAHHHH—
AAARRRR— GRRRRR—
AND SO, WHILE THE SCREAMS STILL RING OUT IN THE PARIS NIGHT, THE STORY IS OVER! OH, THERE WILL BE TWO DULL THUDS ANY SECOND NOW; BUT ALL IS ENDED NOW FOR ALL THAT! PITY THE POOR MORGUE ATTENDANT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS...
The End

GHOST CLINIC
by Doctor Shade

FATAL IMPERSONATION

A FLASH of lightning ripped down the black northern sky and illuminated the whole waste of dark, massed pine, hills and house as though some hidden god had set off a giant flashbulb.

Then the thunder came, loud, crashing, like some immense marble rolling down the vault of the sky. In the distance a forest giant crashed dead in agony and the thunder mumbled a dying muttering of prayers.

He's alone, the man in the car said to himself; he's ten miles from the nearest hamlet, twenty from a town. And the nearest house, he reflected, had no phone.

Again the lightning burst out and the house stood revealed, a jagged tooth of semi-ruinous, Victorian grandeur, stark against the clouded sky.

Behind the wheel, Rade Salks smiled. His thin, narrow face broadened in grim humor. It would never have done to give his uncle, old Ephraim Salks, the slightest suspicion that he was anywhere near the place. For his plan depended on Salks thinking himself absolutely alone. Ever since the old man had bought the place some weeks past and moved into it with his vast library of occult books and his collection of arcane statues and weird, witch-like masks he'd been alone.

Again Rade Salks smiled. It was precisely his uncle's love of loneliness that would make it possible for him to murder the old man. He'd been against Ephraim's buying the place from the start. Ephraim wasn't long for this world, he knew, not with a heart that stumbled and rattled, not with breath that wheezed. And Rade Salks had resented even the money spent on this last whim of his uncle's—to move himself and his hellish, stupid, superstitious books into a house appropriately weird enough to contain the lot.

Murder, of course, he thought. Murder before the old man changed the will in which he'd left everything to Rade, his nephew; changed it to leave the money to some idiotic foundation for psychical and supernatural research.

Rade Salks glanced at the license plate lying on the seat beside him. It had been clever to stop, after he'd left the town behind, remove it. Surely no one would be abroad on such a night; but—just in case. Silently he congratulated himself. He'd thought of everything, of any last contingency he knew. And he'd been glad, at last, that Ephraim had bought the old place. In such a house, murder—particularly the odd kind of murder he'd planned—was easy, untraceable.

The car bucked to a stop five hundred feet down the road from the house. He cut the motor and listened, grinned in satisfaction. The howling wind, the lashing rain would have drowned any noise the car might have made. And at eighty, in any case, a man couldn't hear too well.

THROUGH the windshield, blurred, eerie, he saw the house, a lamp lit in the parlor where, no doubt, old Ephraim Salks sat sipping elderberry wine and gloating over his row-on-row of crumbling, worm-eaten volumes. His hand shot out, grasped the small suitcase he'd brought.

Then he opened the car door and got out onto the road.

Around him the wind whipped half-frozen rain past his face. The tiny particles of sleet stung, but served merely to stimulate him, make the blood course faster through his veins.

The ground was slippery. Twice he fell, within a dozen yards of the car. He cursed roundly, but kept a tight grip on the suitcase.

Again and again the lightning helped him. The woods closed round him as he stepped off the path, chuckling to himself that the icy ground would surely leave no footprints. Even the car tracks would be obliterated by morning. There would be no trace of him, none at all, save, perhaps, a wizened body, quite dead—the corpse of old Ephraim Salks.

Through the howl of the wind he thought he heard shrieks and moans, but pressed on. The wind, of course. He smiled darkly to himself. The supernatural was nonsense, of course; old Ephraim's dedication to it a futile waste of time. He remembered his uncle a day after he'd moved into the ruinous old place up ahead. He'd grumbled, then, making some observation on the credulity, the gullibility of human nature.

"You've never seen any manifestion of ghosts, or anything else beyond the natural, have you?" he shot at his uncle. "You've

spent thousands on seances, on mediums . . ." He paused, waved a hand at the rows of occult books, " . . . on this—this trash, without result. To what end, uncle, to what end?"

And Ephraim had frowned.

"You begrudge me everything, Rade," he said, annoyedly. "It's not what I believe in that bothers you, is it, Rade? It's the money I spend on my beliefs. Eh?" And his harsh voice had gone higher. "Don't worry, nephew, you'll get my money. You're my last relative. I'm leaving everything, everything including these books, to you." And then the old man's shifty eyes had blazed up. "Unless, of course, you force me to change my mind. There are a few deserving groups of fellow-believers in the other world that might use the money—heh-heh! That shut you up, Rade, didn't it?" And Ephraim Salks had cackled out his evil amusement.

Bah, he thought, he'd come now to the end of the trail—and so would Ephraim in a short while. Let Ephraim, after dying, prove or disprove whether the supernatural really did exist. Rade Salks would not worry about it. He'd be enjoying his uncle's money.

The back of the old house loomed up before him. He slipped through a cellar window, came to the entrance of the secret passage that led through the thick, hollow walls. True, Ephraim knew about this; in fact, it had been a factor in his buying the old house. Ephraim loved old places, haunted and with secret passageways.

RADE SET down the suitcase, took out the costume. Himself an actor, he'd had no difficulty in procuring it. Ephraim believed in the supernatural, but it would have been no use to frighten him, stop his heart with some hideous face; hideous masks abounded in the old house. No, something worse, much worse, had been needed. And Rade had hit upon the idea of using a mask that was no face at all, just a blank, corpsy bit of rubber. He'd tried it on before a mirror back in town and it had chilled his own, skeptical blood. It would be the unknown, the unfathomable, appearing out of nowhere that would shock Ephraim Salks' heart to a stop. And if that failed—he shrugged—he was prepared to use other measures.

Quickly he flung the black cloak over his shoulders, donned the close-fitting mask. Then he pressed the button old Ephraim had showed him. The cellar panel swung back and he entered. He went up the closed, inclined floor rapidly. He knew the turns; he'd been through it once before, with his uncle. At the blank wall that ended the passage he knew he was at his destination. Beyond lay the library with its roaring fire and old Ephraim, no doubt sitting in a chair, his back to the secret panel. His sneaker-clad feet made no noise as Rade Salks pressed the fatal button.

There was a faint creak as the panel sprung back—Ephraim had refused to oil it; he wanted atmosphere. Then he slipped through. There was the fire, there the vast bookshelves, there the vaulted, high ceiling. And there, in a chair, sat Ephraim reading a crumbling manuscript. Rade Salks made a hollow groan and stiffened. Then he heard the old man grunt in fear, gasp a little, saw him rise, turn.

Ephraim Salks went wide-eyed in fright as he saw the faceless figure behind him. The manuscript slipped from icy fingers. Rade saw a hand go to his throat. Animal noises burst from between the thin lips; noises of inarticulate fear, horror, finally terror. The old man's face became, abruptly, ashen and he slipped slowly to the floor, trying to speak, to shriek, to mouth something.

Rade Salks was upon him in an instant. The dying eyes were blind as he felt for the pulse, found no faintest quiver. He waited until the body grew cold, left it lying there before the embers of the fire. Swiftly he reentered the passageway, having been sure he'd left no tracks behind.

He made the first turn down toward the first floor, paused to take three steps to the side. He was going on confidently when he felt the touch on his shoulder. Instantly his blood turned to ice and he whirled, feeling for the flashlight in his cloak. In front of him, he knew, was danger, some vague, shifting shape.

"An admirable night's work, Mr. Salks," a thin, chilling voice remarked. "You're an actor, I believe. And, to be frank, a professional, like myself, can take pleasure even from the antics of an amateur." The voice paused; there was a faint chuckle, then it went on, while Rade Salk's knees turned to water: "But you went too far, robbed me of my own prey; I'd planned on killing him myself. You committed the only unpardonable act of any artist—you committed a base impersonation!" The voice dropped to a whisper of hate.

The flashlight went on and Rade Salks screamed. First he saw the dim, dark figure moving menacingly toward him, then the sharp teeth bursting from a narrow line of mouth. And finally, he saw the blank expanse of blind, dead features that were utterly faceless!

Return of the Corpse

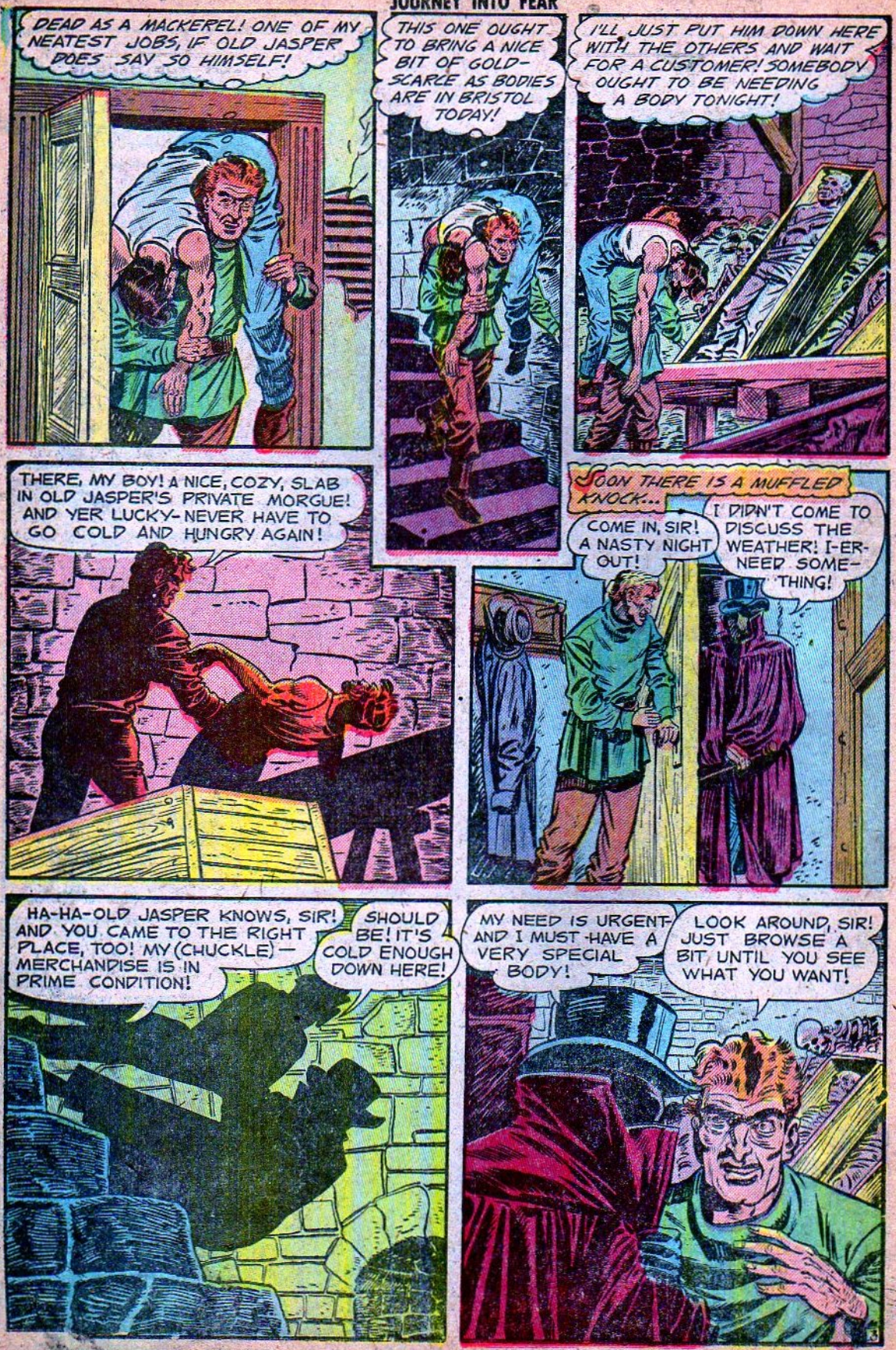


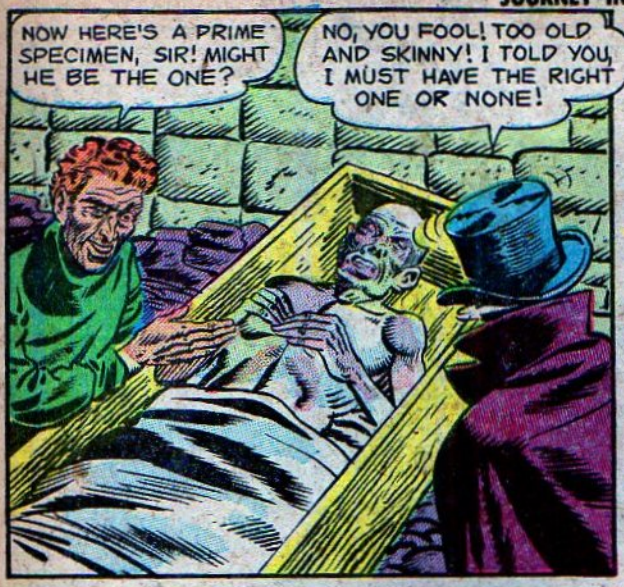
THE FOG HUNG LIKE GRAVE SHROUDS OVER THE COBBLED STREETS OF BRISTOL THAT NIGHT! FRIGHTENED MEN PEERED OVER THEIR SHOULDERS IN STARK TERROR — THEN RAN THROUGH THE SLIMY ALLEYS IN MORTAL FEAR OF THEIR LIVES! BUT EVEN THEN THEY WERE WATCHED BY THE GREEDY RED EYES OF THE MORGUE KEEPER...



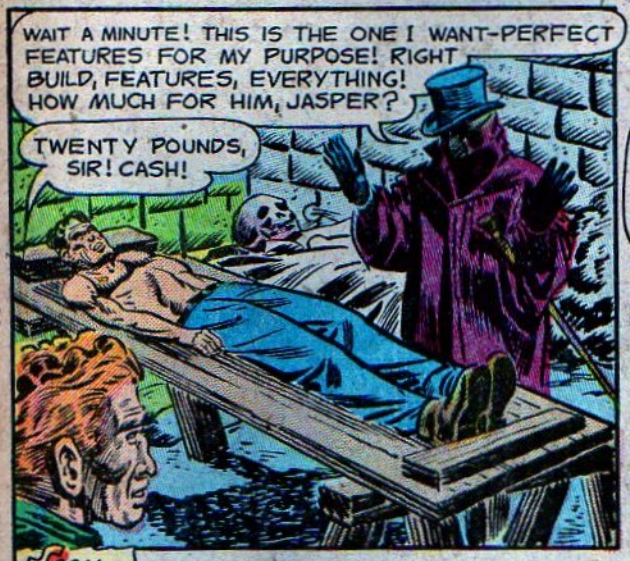



IT'S SAD TO SEE A LIKELY LAD WITH NO PLACE TO SLEEP ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS! COME IN!
I'M CLEAN, GUV'NOR! NOT A FARTHING TO MY NAME!
DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT, LAD! USED TO FOLLOW THE SEA MYSELF, I DID! NAME IS JASPER BIGGS!
MIGHTY NICE OF YOU, SIR!
MOMENTS LATER...
A REAL BED! MAYBE TOMORROW I CAN DO SOME WORK TO PAY YOU, MISTER!
PERHAPS! BUT YOU JUST HOP TO BED AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING! GOODNIGHT!
ODD SORT OF JOVE, THIS MR. BIGGS, BUT A BED IS A BED! AND THERE AINT NOBODY GONNA SHANGHAI ME! I'LL SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN!
BUT SOON THE SAILOR IS SNORING...
NOW FOR IT! DIDN'T-(CHUCKLE)-TAKE THE POOR FOOL LONG TO FALL ASLEEP! A LONG SLEEP IT WILL BE, TOO!
ZZZZZ-ZZZZZ-
THERE, LAD! A SMASHED SKULL AND IT'S ALL OVER FOR YOU! HARDLY FELT THE PAIN, I'LL WAGER!
WHA-AAAAAA-

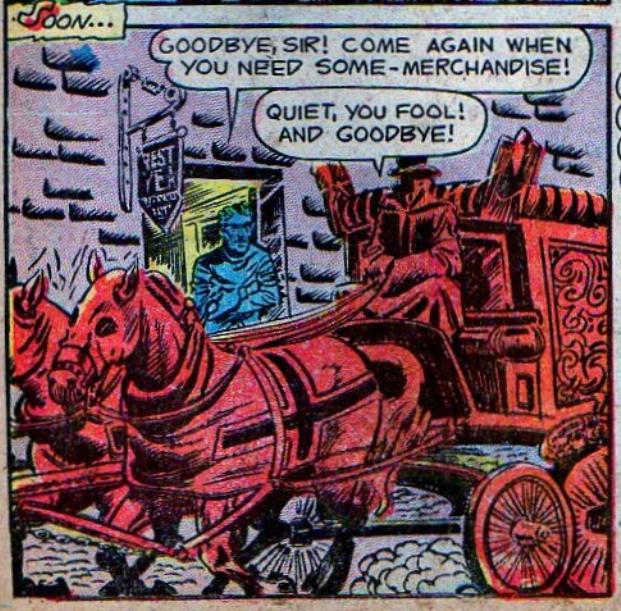

DEAD AS A MACKEREL! ONE OF MY NEATEST JOBS, IF OLD JASPER DOES SAY SO HIMSELF!
THIS ONE OUGHT TO BRING A NICE BIT OF GOLD— SCARCE AS BODIES ARE IN BRISTOL TODAY!
I'LL JUST PUT HIM DOWN HERE WITH THE OTHERS AND WAIT FOR A CUSTOMER! SOMEBODY OUGHT TO BE NEEDING A BODY TONIGHT!
THERE, MY BOY! A NICE, COZY, SLAB IN OLD JASPER'S PRIVATE MORGUE! AND YER LUCKY- NEVER HAVE TO GO COLD AND HUNGRY AGAIN!
SOON THERE IS A MUFFLED KNOCK...
COME IN, SIR! A NASTY NIGHT OUT!
I DIDN'T COME TO DISCUSS THE WEATHER! I-ER- NEED SOME- THING!
HA-HA-OLD JASPER KNOWS, SIR! AND YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, TOO! MY (CHUCKLE)— MERCHANDISE IS IN PRIME CONDITION!
SHOULD BE! IT'S COLD ENOUGH DOWN HERE!
MY NEED IS URGENT- AND I MUST HAVE A VERY SPECIAL BODY!
LOOK AROUND, SIR! JUST BROWSE A BIT, UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT YOU WANT!


NOW HERE'S A PRIME SPECIMEN, SIR! MIGHT HE BE THE ONE?
NO, YOU FOOL! TOO OLD AND SKINNY! I TOLD YOU I MUST HAVE THE RIGHT ONE OR NONE!


MAYBE THIS ONE?
NO-NO! THE FACE IS ALL WRONG-AND HE'S BEEN DEAD TOO LONG!

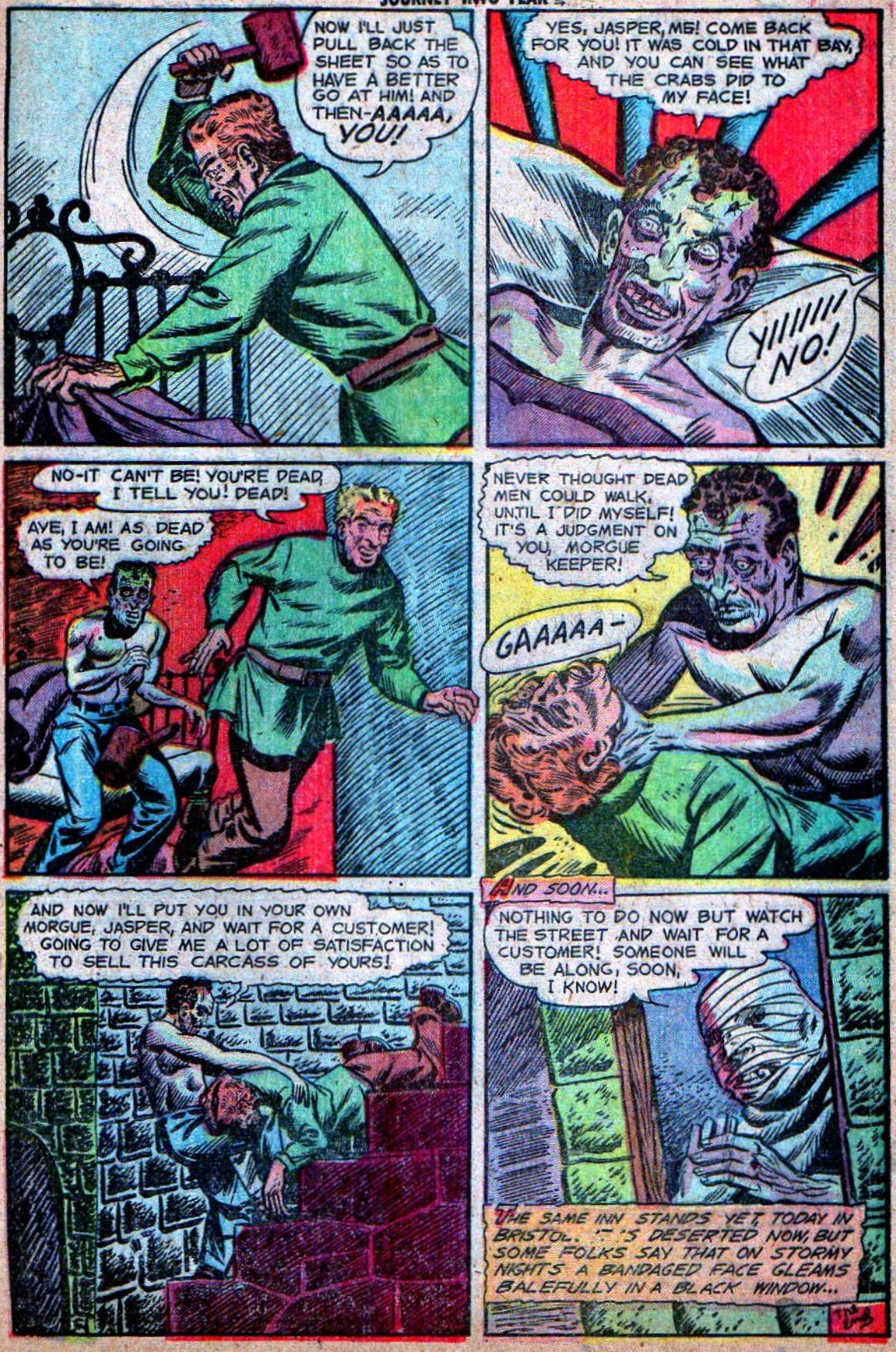

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS THE ONE I WANT-PERFECT FEATURES FOR MY PURPOSE! RIGHT BUILD, FEATURES, EVERYTHING! HOW MUCH FOR HIM, JASPER?
TWENTY POUNDS, SIR! CASH!


THERE, AND MIND YOU KEEP A QUIET TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD OR YOU'LL HAVE A ROPE AROUND OUR NECKS!
NEVER FEAR, SIR! I'VE NO LIKING FOR THE GALLOWS!


SOON...
GOODBYE, SIR! COME AGAIN WHEN YOU NEED SOME-MERCHANDISE!
QUIET, YOU FOOL! AND GOODBYE!


SO NOW EVEN THE GENTRY COME TO OLD JASPER, EH! WONDER WHAT THE GENTLE-MAN WANTED WITH THAT CORPSE? HE HADN'T THE LOOK OF A MEDICAL MAN!


THE NEXT DAY JASPER'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED...
HERE IT IS- THE BODY OF THE YOUNG EARL OF PEMBERTON FOUND FLOATING IN THE BAY! HAD BEEN MISSING FOR YEARS! AND ONE OF HIS COUSINS WILL INHERIT EVERYTHING! AND THE DESCRIPTION FITS THE (CHUCKLE) MERCHANDISE!
NEEDED A BODY, THE COUSIN DID, TO ESTABLISH DEATH, SO HE COULD INHERIT! SO WE'RE BOTH RICHER AND NOBODY THE WISER!
LATER... WELL IF IT ISN'T ANOTHER POOR SAILOR LAD! I'LL SEE IF HE WANTS A BED!
YOU, LAD! COME HERE AND TALK TO OLD JASPER!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO A BED, MY BOY! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?
LITTLE ACCIDENT ABOARD SHIP!
THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL TRY TO PAY YOU BACK- FOR EVERYTHING!
FORGET IT, LAD! I LIKE TO DO KIND DEEDS FOR POOR UNFORTUNATE SAILORS!
AN HOUR LATER...
SURELY THE YOUNG FOOL IS ASLEEP BY NOW, SO I MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH! SHOULDN'T HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH THIS ONE!
SNORING LIKE A HORSE, HE IS! I'LL HAVE HIM TAKEN CARE OF AND DOWN IN THE MORGUE BEFORE YOU CAN SAY JASPER BIGGS!
ZZZZZ- ZZZZZZ-


NOW I'LL JUST PULL BACK THE SHEET SO AS TO HAVE A BETTER GO AT HIM! AND THEN-AAAAA, YOU!
YES, JASPER, ME! COME BACK FOR YOU! IT WAS COLD IN THAT BAY, AND YOU CAN SEE WHAT THE CRABS DID TO MY FACE!
YIIIIII! NO!
NO-IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD, I TELL YOU! DEAD!
AYE, I AM! AS DEAD AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE!
NEVER THOUGHT DEAD MEN COULD WALK, UNTIL I DID MYSELF! IT'S A JUDGMENT ON YOU, MORGUE KEEPER!
GAAAAA-
AND NOW I'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR OWN MORGUE, JASPER, AND WAIT FOR A CUSTOMER! GOING TO GIVE ME A LOT OF SATISFACTION TO SELL THIS CARCASS OF YOURS!
AND SOON...
NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT WATCH THE STREET AND WAIT FOR A CUSTOMER! SOMEONE WILL BE ALONG, SOON, I KNOW!
THE SAME INN STANDS YET TODAY IN BRISTOL. IT'S DESERTED NOW, BUT SOME FOLKS SAY THAT ON STORMY NIGHTS A BANDAGED FACE GLEAMS BALEFULLY IN A BLACK WINDOW...

The GREEN Witch

THIS WAS THE CRY OF LOVELY YOUNG SANDRA JONES, WHOSE BODY WAS STOLEN BY A FIEND OUT OF HADES, A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT WHO COULD NOT DIE, AND FELT NO REMORSE OR PITY FOR THE TERRIBLE DEEDS SHE BROUGHT TO PASS ON THAT BLACK SUNDAY. SHE WAS AN EVIL WITCH...

THE DREADFUL STORY BEGINS AS ANDY JONES BRINGS HIS BRIDE, SANDRA, TO THE ANCIENT TOWN OF SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS...

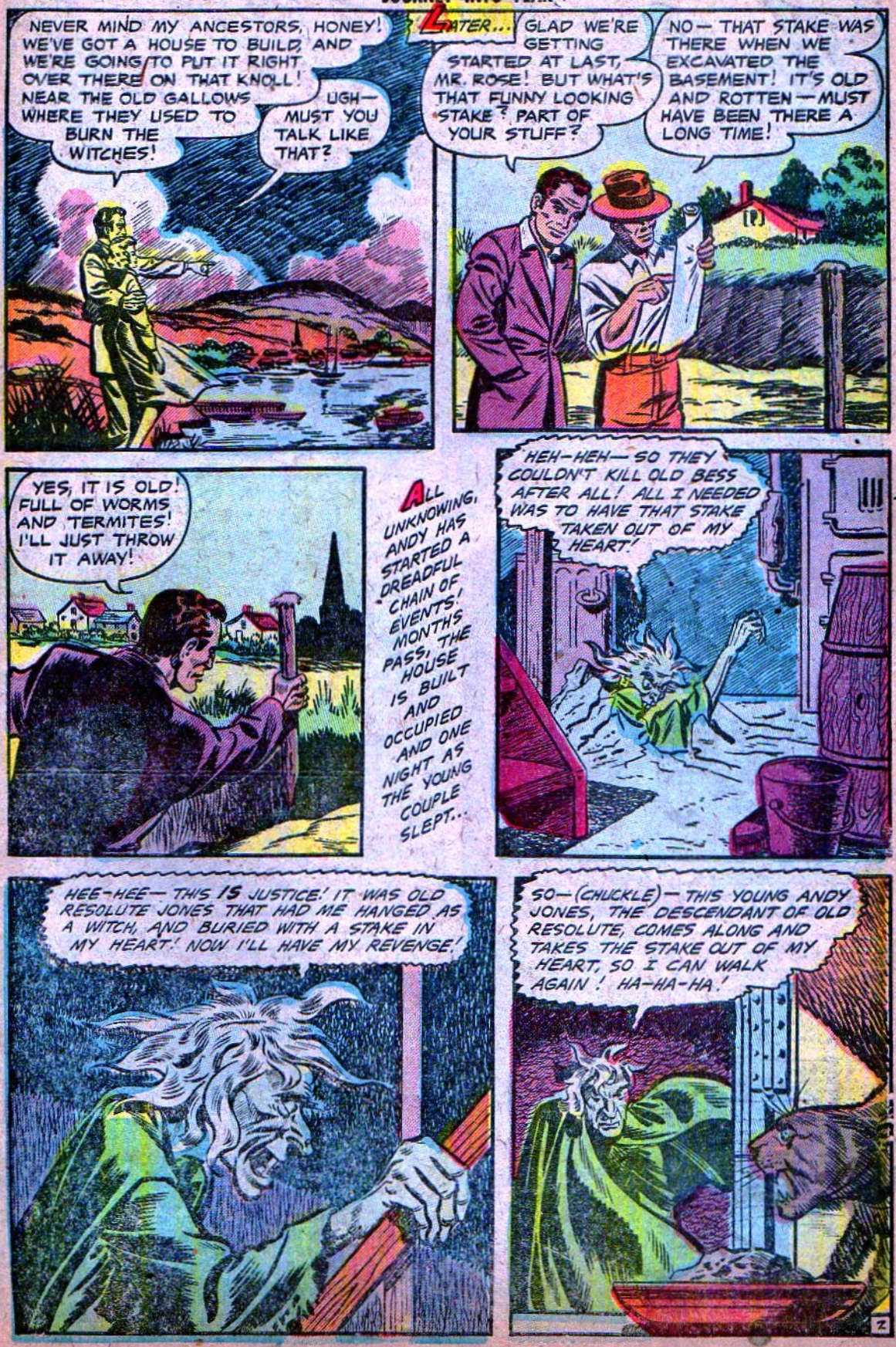
WELL, HONEY, HERE WE ARE! IN SALEM, THE SCENE OF MY BOYHOOD!

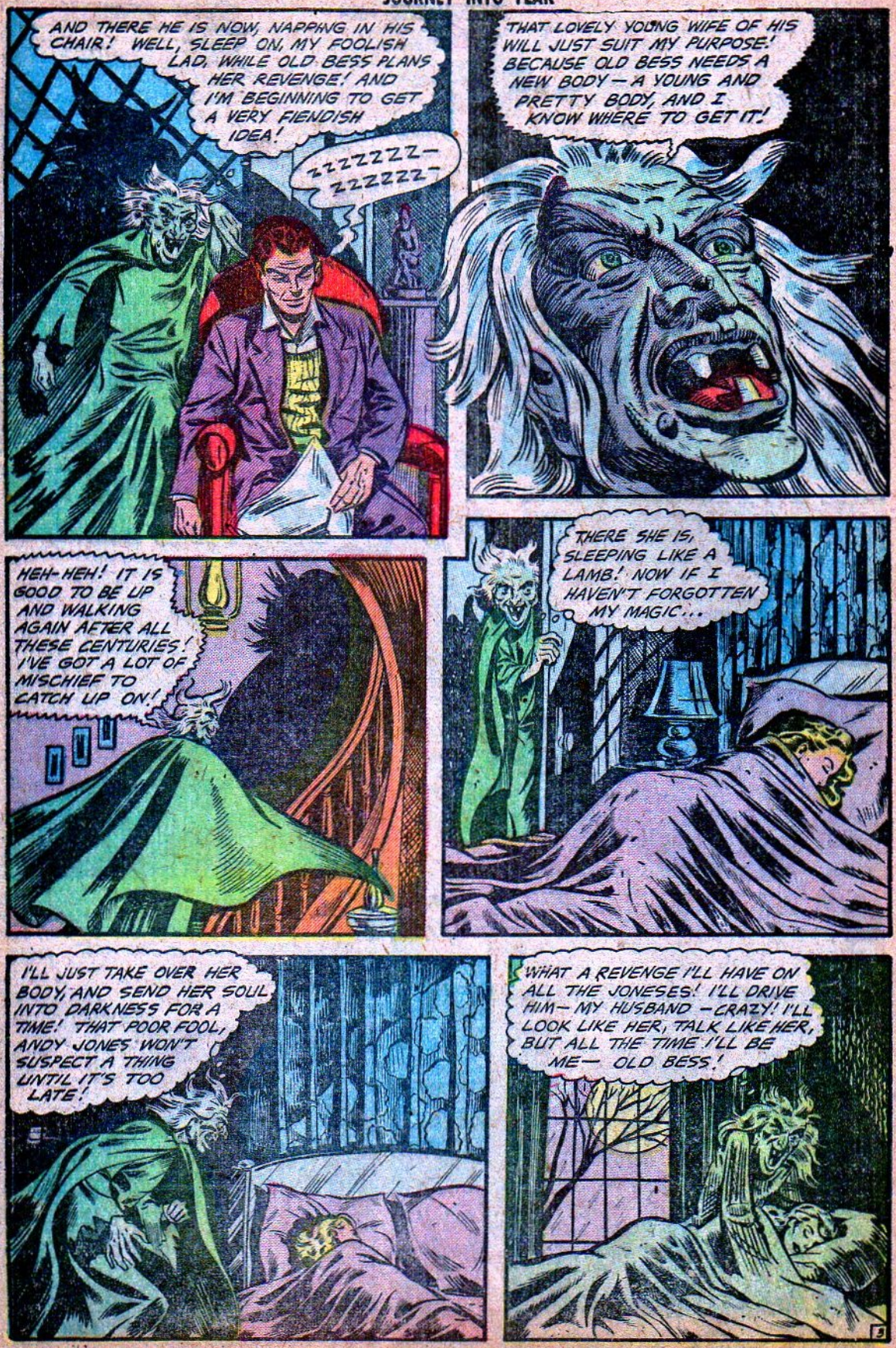
I LOVE IT, DARLING! A BIT QUAINT, BUT NICE!

TO THINK THAT YOUR FAMILY HELPED SETTLE THIS PLACE! WHAT WAS THE NAME OF THAT ANCESTOR OF YOURS?

JONES, MY SWEET! OLD RESOLUTE JONES! SOME CHARACTER, TOO!

6212


NEVER MIND MY ANCESTORS, HONEY! WE'VE GOT A HOUSE TO BUILD AND WE'RE GOING TO PUT IT RIGHT OVER THERE ON THAT KNOLL! NEAR THE OLD GALLOWS WHERE THEY USED TO BURN THE WITCHES!
UGH— MUST YOU TALK LIKE THAT?
LATER...
GLAD WE'RE GETTING STARTED AT LAST, MR. ROSE! BUT WHAT'S THAT FUNNY LOOKING STAKE? PART OF YOUR STUFF?
NO— THAT STAKE WAS THERE WHEN WE EXCAVATED THE BASEMENT! IT'S OLD AND ROTTEN— MUST HAVE BEEN THERE A LONG TIME!
YES, IT IS OLD! FULL OF WORMS AND TERMITES! I'LL JUST THROW IT AWAY!
ALL UNKNOWING, ANDY HAS STARTED A DREADFUL CHAIN OF EVENTS! MONTHS PASS, THE HOUSE IS BUILT AND OCCUPIED AND ONE NIGHT AS THE YOUNG COUPLE SLEPT...
HEH-HEH— SO THEY COULDN'T KILL OLD BESS AFTER ALL! ALL I NEEDED WAS TO HAVE THAT STAKE TAKEN OUT OF MY HEART!
HEE-HEE— THIS IS JUSTICE! IT WAS OLD RESOLUTE JONES THAT HAD ME HANGED AS A WITCH, AND BURIED WITH A STAKE IN MY HEART! NOW I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!
SO— (CHUCKLE)— THIS YOUNG ANDY JONES, THE DESCENDANT OF OLD RESOLUTE, COMES ALONG AND TAKES THE STAKE OUT OF MY HEART, SO I CAN WALK AGAIN! HA-HA-HA!
2


AND THERE HE IS NOW, NAPPING IN HIS CHAIR! WELL, SLEEP ON, MY FOOLISH LAD, WHILE OLD BESS PLANS HER REVENGE! AND I'M BEGINNING TO GET A VERY FIENDISH IDEA!
ZZZZZZZ— ZZZZZZ—
THAT LOVELY YOUNG WIFE OF HIS WILL JUST SUIT MY PURPOSE! BECAUSE OLD BESS NEEDS A NEW BODY — A YOUNG AND PRETTY BODY, AND I KNOW WHERE TO GET IT!
HEH-HEH! IT IS GOOD TO BE UP AND WALKING AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES! I'VE GOT A LOT OF MISCHIEF TO CATCH UP ON!
THERE SHE IS, SLEEPING LIKE A LAMB! NOW IF I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MY MAGIC...
I'LL JUST TAKE OVER HER BODY, AND SEND HER SOUL INTO DARKNESS FOR A TIME! THAT POOR FOOL, ANDY JONES WON'T SUSPECT A THING UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!
WHAT A REVENGE I'LL HAVE ON ALL THE JONESES! I'LL DRIVE HIM — MY HUSBAND — CRAZY! I'LL LOOK LIKE HER, TALK LIKE HER, BUT ALL THE TIME I'LL BE ME — OLD BESS!

A FEW DAYS LATER AT A PARTY, AND THE WITCH, IN THE BODY OF SANDRA, BEGINS HER TROUBLE-MAKING...

THIS PARTY IS SO DULL! YOU'RE FOOLS, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW WHY I WASTE MY TIME WITH YOU!

I'LL JUST LIVEN THINGS UP A BIT—LIKE THIS!

SANDRA! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?

OHHHHHH—

GREAT SCOTT!

LATER, AT HOME...

SANDRA, YOUR CONDUCT THIS EVENING WAS INEXCUSABLE! I THINK YOU'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR!

A DOCTOR! HAH-HAH! YOU MAKE ME SICK, ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T NEED A DOCTOR!

AND I DON'T HAVE TO SIT AROUND AND LISTEN TO YOUR COMPLAINTS! ALL YOU DO LATELY IS NAG, NAG! I'M GOING FOR A DRIVE — A GOOD FAST DRIVE!

SOON...

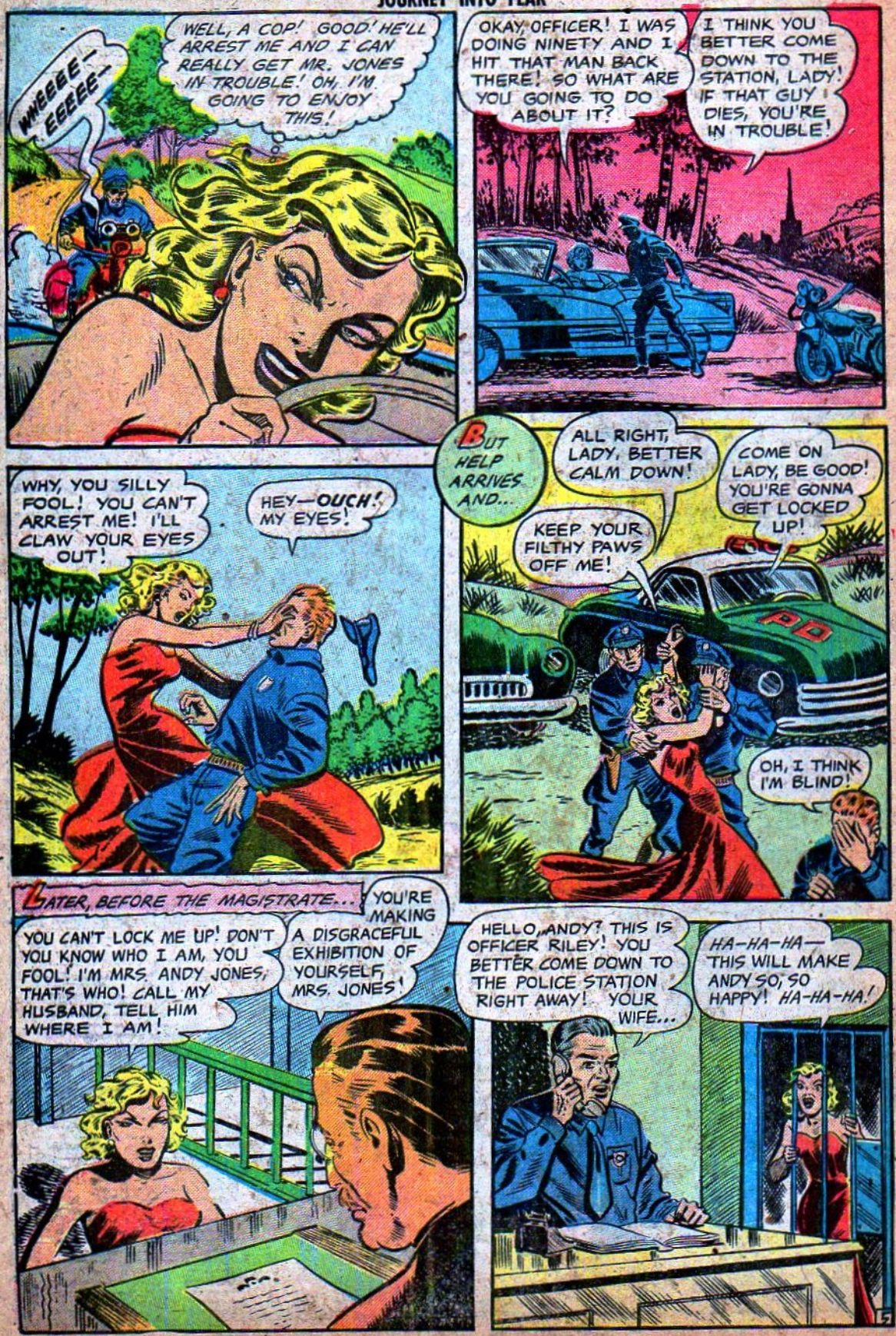
GREAT GODFREY—LOOK AT THAT! SHE MUST BE DOING A HUNDRED!

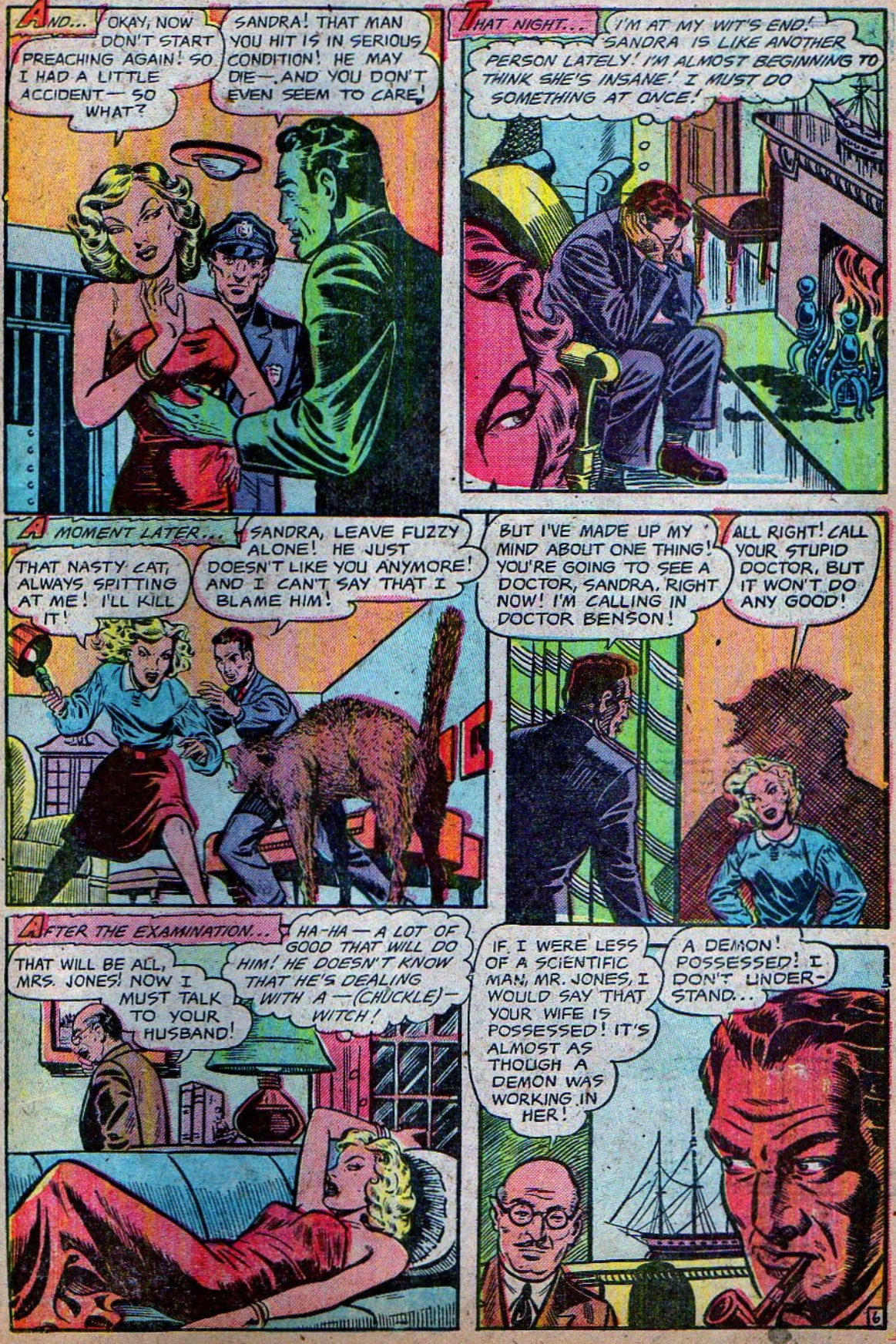
HA-HA—THIS IS FUN! AND THAT POOR FOOL OF AN ANDY IS REALLY SUFFERING! HA—IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT I'M BESS IN HIS WIFE'S BODY!

EEEEYAAAA—

THE DAME MUST BE CRAZY! SHE RAN THAT GUY DOWN ON PURPOSE!

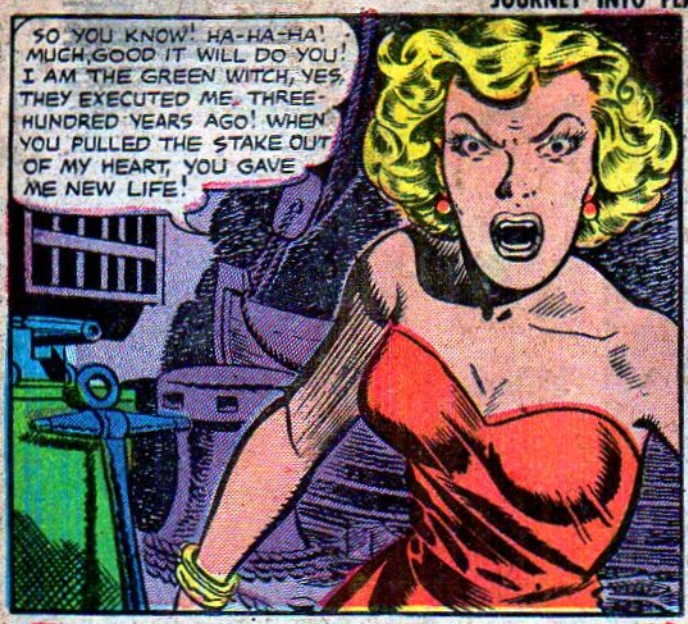
GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU MEDDLER!


WHEEEE—EEEEE—
WELL, A COP! GOOD! HE'LL ARREST ME AND I CAN REALLY GET MR. JONES IN TROUBLE! OH, I'M GOING TO ENJOY THIS!
OKAY, OFFICER! I WAS DOING NINETY AND I HIT THAT MAN BACK THERE! SO WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
I THINK YOU BETTER COME DOWN TO THE STATION, LADY! IF THAT GUY DIES, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!
WHY, YOU SILLY FOOL! YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! I'LL CLAW YOUR EYES OUT!
HEY—OUCH! MY EYES!
BUT HELP ARRIVES AND...
ALL RIGHT, LADY, BETTER CALM DOWN!
COME ON LADY, BE GOOD! YOU'RE GONNA GET LOCKED UP!
KEEP YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME!
PD
OH, I THINK I'M BLIND!
LATER, BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE...
YOU'RE MAKING A DISGRACEFUL EXHIBITION OF YOURSELF, MRS. JONES!
YOU CAN'T LOCK ME UP! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM, YOU FOOL! I'M MRS. ANDY JONES, THAT'S WHO! CALL MY HUSBAND, TELL HIM WHERE I AM!
HELLO, ANDY? THIS IS OFFICER RILEY! YOU BETTER COME DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION RIGHT AWAY! YOUR WIFE...
HA-HA-HA— THIS WILL MAKE ANDY SO, SO HAPPY! HA-HA-HA!

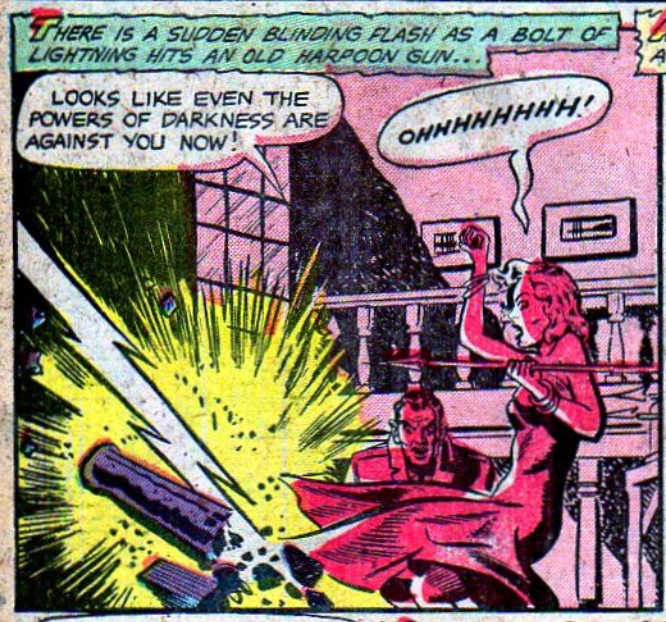

AND... OKAY, NOW DON'T START PREACHING AGAIN! SO I HAD A LITTLE ACCIDENT— SO WHAT?
SANDRA! THAT MAN YOU HIT IS IN SERIOUS CONDITION! HE MAY DIE—AND YOU DON'T EVEN SEEM TO CARE!
THAT NIGHT... I'M AT MY WIT'S END! SANDRA IS LIKE ANOTHER PERSON LATELY! I'M ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK SHE'S INSANE! I MUST DO SOMETHING AT ONCE!
A MOMENT LATER... SANDRA, LEAVE FUZZY ALONE! HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE YOU ANYMORE! AND I CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME HIM!
THAT NASTY CAT, ALWAYS SPITTING AT ME! I'LL KILL IT!
BUT I'VE MADE UP MY MIND ABOUT ONE THING! YOU'RE GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR, SANDRA, RIGHT NOW! I'M CALLING IN DOCTOR BENSON!
ALL RIGHT! CALL YOUR STUPID DOCTOR, BUT IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD!
AFTER THE EXAMINATION... HA-HA—A LOT OF GOOD THAT WILL DO HIM! HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE'S DEALING WITH A—(CHUCKLE)—WITCH!
THAT WILL BE ALL, MRS. JONES! NOW I MUST TALK TO YOUR HUSBAND!
IF I WERE LESS OF A SCIENTIFIC MAN, MR. JONES, I WOULD SAY THAT YOUR WIFE IS POSSESSED! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH A DEMON WAS WORKING IN HER!
A DEMON! POSSESSED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND...
6


LATER AS ANDY BEGINS TO THINK...
LIKE A WOMAN POSSESSED, THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID! HMM—WHAT I'M THINKING IS CRAZY, BUT AFTER ALL, THIS IS SALEM!
AND WE DID BUILD OUR HOUSE NEAR THE SITE OF THE OLD WITCH GALLOWS! IN THIS OLD BOOK IT SAYS THAT A WOMAN KNOWN AS THE GREEN WITCH WAS BURIED THERE WITH... WITH A STAKE IN HER HEART!
A STAKE! I—I REMEMBER NOW! I PULLED UP AN OLD ROTTEN STAKE WHEN WE STARTED DIGGING THE BASEMENT FOR THIS HOUSE!
A GRAVE OF SOME KIND! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN IN THIS PART OF THE BASEMENT FOR A WEEK— BUT IF I REMEMBER IT CORRECTLY, IT WAS ABOUT HERE THAT I FOUND THE STAKE!
ONE OF ANDY'S HOBBIES HAS BEEN TO ACT AS CURATOR FOR SALEM'S OLD WHALING MUSEUM! SO NOW...
NO SIGN OF SANDRA! MAYBE SHE'S AT THE MUSEUM—SHE USUALLY GOES THERE WHEN SHE IS IN ONE OF HER MOODS!
MAYBE I'M ALL WRONG ABOUT THIS, BUT IF THE GREEN WITCH HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO POSSESS MY WIFE'S BODY, I'D BETTER GO PREPARED! A BIBLE IS SUPPOSED TO BE A POWERFUL WEAPON AGAINST WITCHES!


AS ANDY LEAVES FOR THE MUSEUM, A VIOLENT STORM BREAKS...
LOOKS LIKE THE ELEMENTS ARE ON THE SIDE OF THE GREEN WITCH TONIGHT, BUT IF SANDRA IS REALLY IN DANGER, I MUST SAVE HER SOMEHOW! BUT ALL THIS IS SO INCREDIBLY FANTASTIC!
HMM—THAT'S FUNNY! NO LIGHTS IN THE MUSEUM! I—I WONDER IF SHE'S SITTING IN THERE ALONE IN THE DARK?
S—SANDRA? ARE YOU IN HERE?
YES, ANDY! COME IN! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! IT'S TIME WE HAD A LITTLE TALK!
I'LL FINISH HIM TONIGHT!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU! WHY ARE YOU SITTING IN THE DARK?
MAYBE I LIKE THE DARK, YOU FOOL!
HE SOUNDS FUNNY—MAYBE HE SUSPECTS!
HERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO SEE, SANDRA! A BIBLE!
EEEEEEEE—NO! TAKE IT AWAY!
I KNEW IT! I'M SURE NOW! YOU'RE NOT SANDRA! YOU'RE SOME CREATURE THAT HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF HER BODY! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY WIFE?


SO YOU KNOW! HA-HA-HA! MUCH GOOD IT WILL DO YOU! I AM THE GREEN WITCH, YES, THEY EXECUTED ME, THREE-HUNDRED YEARS AGO! WHEN YOU PULLED THE STAKE OUT OF MY HEART, YOU GAVE ME NEW LIFE!


THAT HARPOON! WHAT?
I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, OF COURSE! YOU CAN JOIN THE SOUL OF YOUR SWEET SANDRA IN OUTER DARKNESS! THIS IS MY REVENGE FOR WHAT YOUR ANCESTOR DID TO ME!


THERE IS A SUDDEN BLINDING FLASH AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HITS AN OLD HARPOON GUN...
LOOKS LIKE EVEN THE POWERS OF DARKNESS ARE AGAINST YOU NOW!
OHHHHHHHH!


AND THE GREEN WITCH STUMBLES BACK AGAINST THE CRUEL POINT OF A HARPOON...
AHHH— NO! ANOTHER STAKE T-THROUGH MY HEART! EEEEEEEE—


GAAAA— I'M DYING AGAIN! F-FALLING INTO DECAY! OHHHHHHHHHH—


BUT OUT OF THE MOLDY FLESH RISES— SANDRA...
ANDY! WHAT HAPPENED? W-WHAT AM I DOING HERE IN THE MUSEUM? OH, I HAD SUCH AN AWFUL NIGHTMARE!
YES, DARLING! BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW!


YOU HAD A BAD DREAM— BUT NOW YOU MUST FORGET IT! THINGS ARE GOING TO BE FINE FROM NOW ON!
OH, I'M SO GLAD THAT DREAM IS OVER!
The End

3 WEEKS AND $1.98 MADE "SAD SLIM JIM" "HEP!"

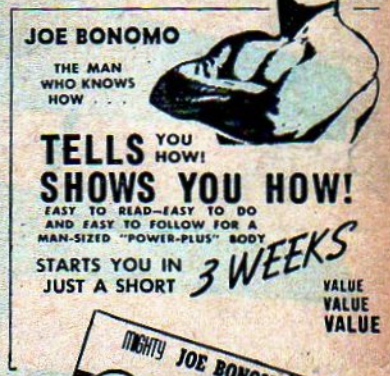












Stop Wishing . . . GET STARTED NOW

ONLY $1.98 NEW Wonder Course PLUS FREE

VALUE VALUE VALUE

LISTEN YOU! CUT OUT WISHING!

NOW—Have a Walloped-Packed BODY OF *SUPER STRENGTH*, *Dynamic Energy and Greater Health*

JOE BONOMO STARTS YOU ON YOUR WAY TOWARDS ALL THREE—IN JUST THREE WEEKS!

IN 7 DAYS YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Fellows of all ages . . .who want to make a real success out of themselves . . . a *New Life*, Bigger and Stronger . . . HERE IT IS! Joe Bonomo's *New and Complete* THREE WEEK SPEED COURSE is priced to give you *Real Value*. Think of it? TWO DOLLARS AND 10 MINUTES A DAY IS ALL THAT YOU NEED!

Your Speed Course is written in plain, blunt, locker room language . . . Can Give You amazing results. Contains (1) Body Facts Lectures, (2) Muscle Charts, (3) Training Table Talks . . . GIVES YOU *"Psycho-Power"*, *"Rhythmic Progression"*, *"Vibro-Pressure"*, *"Tonic Relaxation"* . . . The Big Four. Also Physical (PDQ) Development Quotient . . . PLUS, Inspirational Strongmen's Pictures to help wake up the Body of Yours.

Yes, for less than 6¢ a day . . . plus 10 minutes daily . . . you, too, can find out about POWER — STRENGTH — GLOWING HEALTH — ABUNDANT VIGOR —DYNAMIC ENERGY.

Get a Two-Fisted, All-'Round Thrill in becoming a *Real Man* in Three Weeks. Wake Up! Tone Up! Build Up!. Follow Mighty Joe Bonomo and make your start toward becoming a "Super Strongman!"

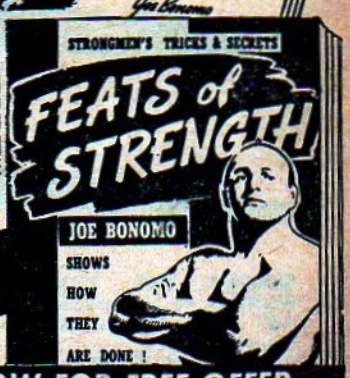
YOU WILL BEGIN TO ENJOY THE THRILL AND ADMIRATION OF YOUR MAN-SIZED NEW BODY THE FIRST DAY

JOLOLA SALES, LIMITED, Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.

In Canada 2382 DUNDAS ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

SEND NO MONEY!





FOR BOYS & MEN OF ALL AGES

FREE

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

FEATS OF STRENGTH

FAMOUS STRONGMEN'S MANUAL

FREE • FREE • FREE WHEN YOU ORDER NOW!

Picture-Packed Pages on Strength Feats Strongmen are Famous For . . . All Yours! Do you know how to (1) Break A Spike With Your Teeth? (2) Tear A Phone Book In Half? (3) Hold 4 Persons In The Air? (4) Drive A Spike Thru a Thick Board? (5) Break A Rock With Your Fist? See how these—plus many more—can be done.











FREE OFFER

FEATS OF STRENGTH

FAMOUS Strongmen's Manual FREE • FREE • FREE WHEN YOU ORDER NOW!

JOLOLA SALES LIMITED, BOX 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.
IN CANADA 2382 DUNDAS W., TORONTO, ONT.

☐ Send me C.O.D. your Famous 'SPEED COURSE.'
Be sure to include your free gift of the Strongmen's Manual "Feats of Strength." I will pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage.

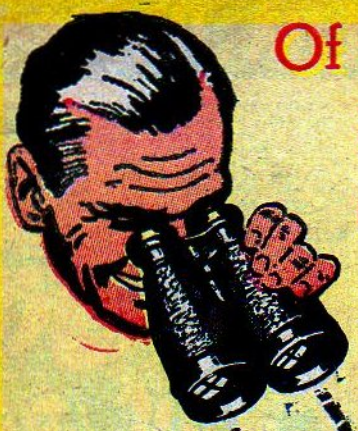
Name

Address

City State Prov.

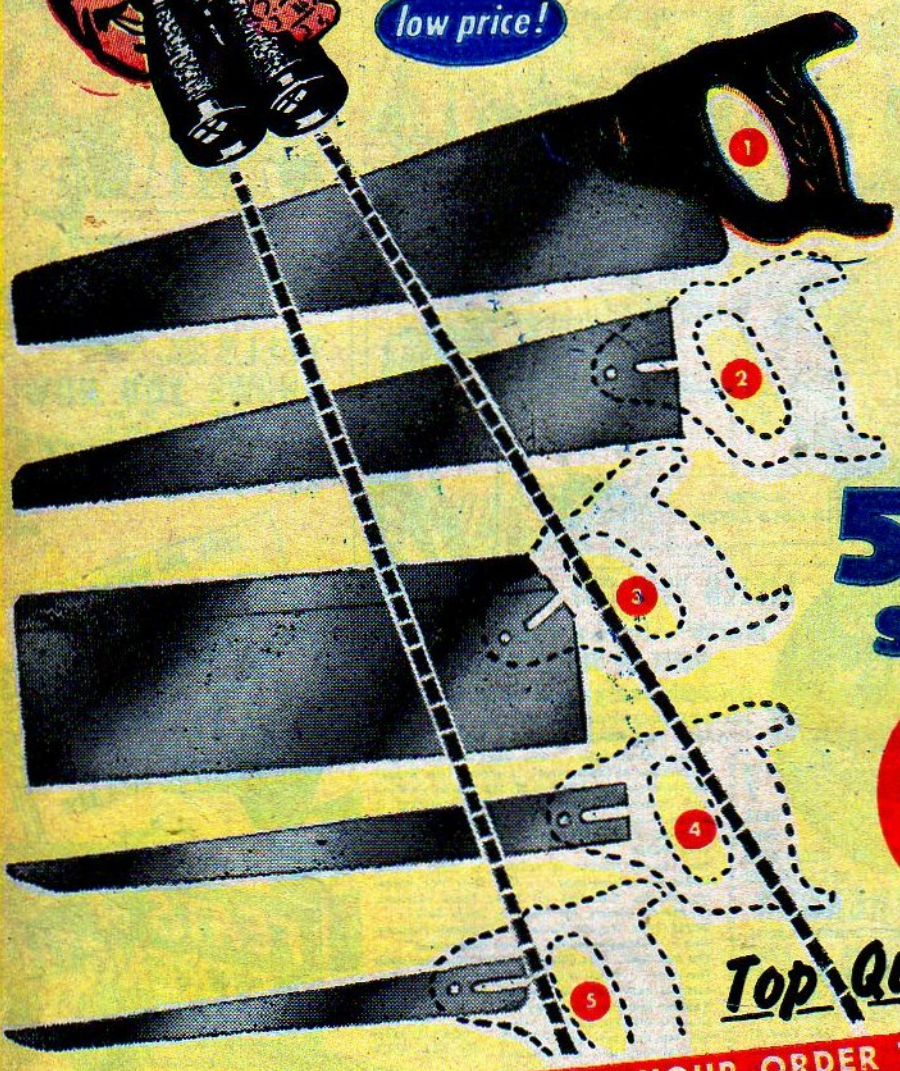
☐ If you enclose $2.00 we will prepay all delivery charges.

Of all the SAWS I ever saw SAW, I never saw a SAW saw as THIS SAW SAWS.



low price!

So COMPLETE you could BUILD a house with it; a REAL professional's tool that everyone NEEDS and can use! FINEST quality alloy steel, FULLY tempered; IS sharp — STAYS sharp.



5 in 1 saw

Only $3.98 $7.50 value

Top Quality!

GOLDEN OAK FINISHED HARDWOOD HANDLE — with medallion carving.

1. **16" FULL PANEL SAW** — For general carpentry.
2. **15" HEAVY DUTY SAW** — For pruning, cutting logs.
3. **PRECISION DOVETAIL SAW** — 17 teeth to the inch for knifelike cuts.
4. **14" COMPASS and HOBBY Saw.**
5. **12" KEYHOLE SAW** — Perfect for curves and tight corners.

Jolola Sales Ltd., Box 496, Buffalo, N.Y.
In Canada, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

JOLOLA SALES LTD., Box 496, BUFFALO, N.Y.
In CANADA, 2382 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Ont

Send me C.O.D. the 5 in 1 Nest of Saws. I'll pay Postman $3.98 on delivery plus postage.

Name

Address

City Prov. State

☐ If you enclose $4.00 we will pay all Delivery Charges

Agents Wanted